

The Sketch

No. 853.—Vol. LXVI.

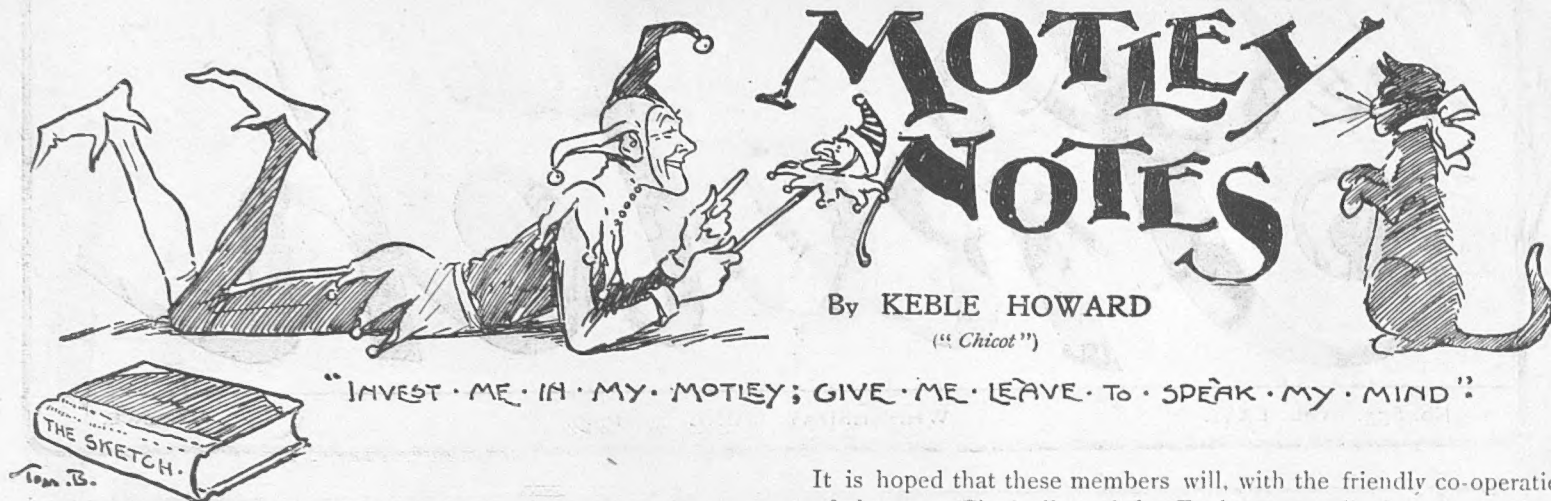
WEDNESDAY, JUNE 2, 1909.

SIXPENCE.



EMPHATICALLY NOT MR. MATHESON LANG AS HAMLET; MR. GEORGE ROBEY IN HIS
"RICHARD CŒUR DE LION" SONG.

It is evident that Mr. George Robey was inspired by that popular photograph of Mr. Matheson Lang as Hamlet which shows the actor kissing his sword. Other portraits of Mr. Robey as Richard Cœur de Lion will be found elsewhere in this number.—[Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.]



Join the R.P.S.! I am asked this week to announce the formation of a league to be known, provisionally, as the Redford Protection Society. The object of the Society, in the main, is to defend that unfortunate individual, the Licensor of Plays, against the legions of Higher Intellectuals now arrayed against him. There will be an entrance-fee of half-a-crown, to defray expenses of postage, stationery, etc., and a nominal annual subscription of one shilling. In return for the entrance-fee each member will receive a nice little badge, with the letters R.P.S. arranged upon it in the form of a monogram. Mass meetings will be organised. The first of these, at which your attendance, whether you are a member of the league or not, is earnestly requested, will take place at three-thirty on the afternoon of Sunday next, in Trafalgar Square. The meeting will be addressed by most of the leading managers of theatres; but, in order to lend variety to the proceedings, Mr. Granville Barker has kindly consented to organise a few interruptions in his characteristic way. The procession will form up on Adelphi Terrace, and march thence to Trafalgar Square. Cheques and postal orders should be sent at once to Mr. George B. Shaw, 10, Adelphi Terrace, W.C., who will be glad to supply any further information regarding the scope and intentions of the Society.

Our Motto. The R.P.S. does not claim for Mr. Redford that he has never made a mistake. On the contrary, the Society glories in the few mistakes that he has made. *Humanum est errare* is to be their motto. (The first selection was *Fungar vice cotis*, but the Hon. Sec. courteously pointed out that this pithy little sentence had for some years past been associated with his private crest, and urged upon the members present the desirability of avoiding confusion.) The R.P.S. is agreed, you see, that whenever Mr. Redford proves his humanity, so much the better for the British Drama. The drama should be nothing, they say, if not human. It follows, therefore, that, if Mr. Redford sometimes errs, the better for managers, actors, actresses, scenic artists, stage-hands, dressers, call-boys, and authors. The Society also maintains that the drama was made for man—man, that is to say, in the bulk—and not for a comparatively few specialists on moral and mental diseases. Realising, however, that the specialists have the right to be amused as well as the normal playgoer, the Society is prepared to place its committee-room at the disposal of the anti-Redfordites on the first Sunday evening of each month—Sunday evening, as everyone knows, being the particular time of the week when the craving for theatrical abnormalities insists upon being satiated.

The Anti-Advertisement Committee. Another important branch of the work to be done by the R.P.S. will be relegated, in the first instance, to a special sub-committee. It will be the business of this committee to devise means whereby the Licensor of Plays shall not be made the medium for gratis advertisement. As things stand at present, it is obvious to the Society that the cheapest, easiest, and most effective method for a dramatic author to pursue who wishes to keep his name before the public is to write a play containing prohibited matter and send it to Mr. Redford through some friendly theatrical manager. The refusal of the licence being a foregone conclusion, the author need not wait for such refusal before preparing his manifesto of red-hot indignation for the Press. In order to defeat this little scheme, the R.P.S. is endeavouring to secure the support of several of the most influential newspaper proprietors and editors, who will become ex-officio members of the Anti-Advertisement Committee.

It is hoped that these members will, with the friendly co-operation of the next Chancellor of the Exchequer, make it a penal offence for any newspaper to publish the name "Redford" in its columns more than five hundred times in any single month. The limit may be extended to one thousand should the nuisance show actual signs of abatement.

The Examiner's Exact Responsibility.

In order that the public may thoroughly understand the nature of Mr. Redford's task, and the exact degree of responsibility attaching to it, the R.P.S. intends to issue broadcast the following regulations, which refer to all stage plays licensed by the Lord Chamberlain—

- (1) Notice of the change of title of a piece to be given to the Examiner of Plays.
- (2) No profanity or impropriety of language to be permitted on the stage.
- (3) No indecency of dress, dance, or gesture to be permitted on the stage.
- (4) No offensive personalities or representations of living persons to be permitted on the stage, nor anything calculated to produce riot or breach of the peace.

The R.P.S. feels confident that the publication of these very few and very simple rules will kill the absurd notion that Mr. Redford is an arbitrary, narrow-minded, liverish gentleman, who says "Yes" to this play or "No" to that one, just as he happens to have lunched well or dined ill.

A New Way with Criminals.

I have been reading in one of my daily papers of a man, sixty-four years of age, who has spent more than thirty of those years in prison. It seems that, under some new Act shortly to come into force, this man will be adjudged qualified for a life-sentence. In the meantime, he has been sent to penal servitude again for three years. In order to obtain this concession, he stole a box of butter. Surely it is somewhat primitive to put a man of this sort into prison at all? The restraint cannot be good for him. True, he has attained the age of sixty-four years, and may very well live another twenty or thirty years; but it would be absurd to deny that his life is being wasted. I would suggest that a nice island—say, for example, the Isle of Man—be set apart for people who cannot help breaking the laws of the country. Place them all on the island, set guards over them to see that they do not escape, and then abolish all law. You may say that the island would soon become a hell upon earth. I do not think so. I think that the stronger spirits would quickly recognise the necessity of framing laws for themselves, and of seeing to it that these laws were kept. In a very short time, these habitual criminals would become the most sanctimonious, psalm-singing rascals to be found throughout the British possessions.

A Study in Contrasts.

The man who had won and the man who had lost came into the club simultaneously—but not together.

The man who had won called for a cocktail: the man who had lost for a liqueur brandy.

The man who had won made a corner in evening papers: the man who had lost selected *Punch*.

The man who had won smiled at the waiter who brought him his drink: the man who had lost scowled.

The man who had won scribbled joyously in a little note-book: the man who had lost stared into the empty grate.

I found myself taking the greater interest in the man who had lost.

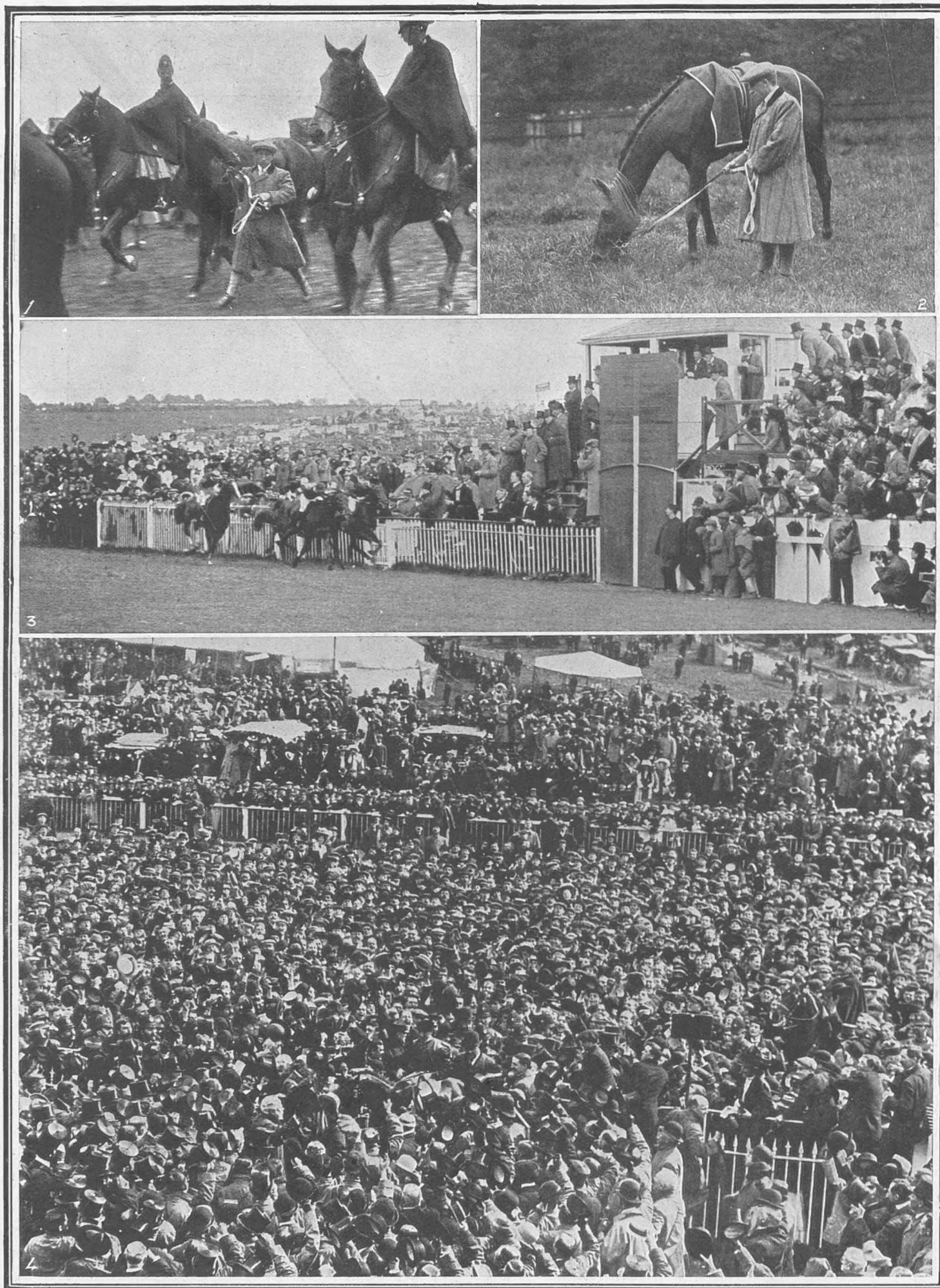
A SHEPHERD SPECIALLY IMPORTED FOR A SOCIETY DANCE;
ALSO A REAL LAMB, OF THE MUTTON AGE.



IN THE "GREEK PAGEANT AND BACCHANALIA" IN WHICH AMERICAN SOCIETY WOMEN GAVE CLASSICAL DANCES: MISS SUSETTE HERTER, THE SHEPHERD FLUTE-PAYER, AND THE "LAMB."

We add to the illustrations we gave last week of the "Greek Pageant and Bacchanalia" given in New York by members of the "Four Hundred." The young Sicilian was brought to New York specially that he might appear in the pageant, and is a shepherd who can play the pipe charmingly. The "lamb" is a pet of Miss Herter's. The costumes used were based on those in Alma-Tadema pictures in the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

A KING WINS THE DERBY FOR THE FIRST TIME: THE GREAT RACE.



1. LESS HUSTLED THAN HIS ROYAL MASTER: MINORU AFTER THE RACE, GUARDED BY TWO MOUNTED POLICE.

2. NOT IN THE LEAST CONCERNED: MINORU NIBBLING GRASS AFTER THE RACE.

3. THE NECK-AND-NECK FINISH: HIS MAJESTY'S MINORU WINS.

4. LOST IN A SEA OF HIS CHEERING PEOPLE: THE KING LEADING IN MINORU.

The King's decision to lead in his own horse was characteristic, and yet somewhat remarkable, for the enthusiastic crowd so far broke bounds that, careful as it might be in intention, it might well have caused the King to be badly hustled, for, obviously, in so great a crowd it is not always easy for those in the front to hold their ground against those who unconsciously are pushing from behind. As it was, the King got through with some little difficulty, but without the least harm. It is interesting to note, also, the surprise of certain foreigners who witnessed the scene. No other Sovereign, said one of them, would have done as King Edward has done: either he would have been too proud or too much afraid.—[Photographs of Nos. 1 and 3 by Bolak; of Nos. 2 and 4 by Sports Co.]

HIS MAJESTY BEAMS: THE KING'S THIRD DERBY.



Mr. Richard Marsh, the King's Trainer.

Lord Marcus Beresford.

The Prince of Wales.

AFTER THE GREAT WIN OF HIS LIFE: THE KING AFTER THE DERBY HE WON WITH MINORU.

When Minoru passed the post first on Wednesday last, a reigning monarch had won the Derby for the first time. Naturally, the King was immensely pleased at his success, but he was no more pleased than was the crowd, who cheered enthusiastically and could not be prevented from surrounding his Majesty when he led in his horse.

Photograph by Halfpines.

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE. MR. TREE.
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TO-NIGHT, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 2, at 8.30.
THE WOMAN IN THE CASE, by CLYDE FITCH,
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EVERY EVENING at 8. MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY at 2.

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LYDIA KYASHT, FRED FARREN, HEATRICE COLLIER, &c.
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40, Temple Street, Birmingham; and Messrs. Farebrother, Ellis, and Co., 29, Fleet Street,
Temple Bar, London, E.C.

THE BEST BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

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CONTINENTAL

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Every contribution submitted to "The Sketch" should bear the full
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NEAR THE KNEE: SPOTTING THE SPOT.

"THE BEAUTY SPOT," AT THE HERALD SQUARE THEATRE, NEW YORK.



1. ONE OF THE CHARIOTS AND ITS STEEDS.

2. THE POSTER OF "THE BEAUTY SPOT."

3. FAVOURITES IN THE CHARIOT-RACE.

4. HORSES' HEADS AS HEAD-DRESSES: A CHARIOT TEAM.

Photographs by Hall, New York.

AMERICA, despite the Millionaires' Theatre that is to revolutionise dramatic art in that country, still finds much amusement in musical comedy, and those managers who believe in supplying a demand as well as creating one are profiting alike by their astuteness and their ingenuity. It is not an easy matter to find a new theme for a musical play, a theme that is neither too thin to be worth consideration nor too elaborate to worry the musical-comedy patron. The author of "The Beauty Spot" seems to have successfully struck the mean. Briefly, "The Beauty Spot" is so called because the hero, who is trying to find the girl with whom he is in love, has only one clue by which to identify her—a beauty spot on the knee.

CROWNS-CORONETS-COURTIERS



A JUNE BALL HOSTESS:
MRS. PARIS SINGER.

Mrs. Paris Singer, who is to give a ball this month, is an Australian by birth. A great Wagnerite, she is equally interested in literature.

Photograph by Thomson.

Majuba, it was Wood who rode many a weary mile to snatch him from the grave with the tidings that he was to be honourably mentioned in despatches. Then, when the Gordon Relief Expedition was about to start, Hamilton, on his way home from India, sought permission to join. He was told that if he landed he would risk court-martial. He did risk it, and got as far as Wady Halfa, where he was detained. Sir Evelyn met him, and sent him, court-martial or no court-martial, to the front and glory. Next came India again, and the Tirah Expedition, bringing Sir Ian the offer of the military command in India, at £3000 a year.

Wood stopped him with an offer of Commandant at Hythe Gunners School, and at £800. Hamilton chose the smaller money, and paved his way to South Africa by so doing.

A Place of Pilgrimage.

Hertfordshire owes a debt of gratitude to Lord Hothfield, who on Thursday celebrates his sixty-fifth birthday. The thing to do to-day is to popularise a place, and Lord Hothfield's family has done it in a curious way for the village of Tewin, near Welwyn, beloved of City magnates. It is a curious

story of the family of the Earls of Thanet, to whose estates Lord Hothfield's father succeeded by will. Lady Anne Grimston was a daughter of an Earl of Thanet, and on her deathbed stoutly maintained the Rationalist views which all her life she had expounded. Defining her belief as to a future state, she roundly declared: "It is as likely that I should rise again as that a tree should grow out of my body when I'm dead." She died and was buried in Tewin churchyard. And, lo! a great tree did grow out of her tomb. It grew and flourished so that it split her massive altar-tomb. It shattered the stones, and carried up with it skywards the stout iron railings by which it was surrounded. The damage was repaired, but the tree continued to grow, and to-day is one of the most extraordinary sights in England.

Alcohol or Petrol? The man whom motorists have been particularly anxious to hear at the Chemical Congress this week is Sir Boverton Redwood. He is our biggest

authority on petrol, and perhaps the leading expert in the world upon this important spirit. If he pays any attention to the financial side of the question, we may depend upon it that the Chancellor of the Exchequer consulted Sir Boverton before fixing that precious threepenny tax. But what we want to know is whether the Home Office adviser has anything up his sleeve for us in regard to industrial alcohol. He has been working on the subject, and has already given us room to hope. There is no reason why we should not get a cheap and good alcohol in the future, he says, though trials in the past have failed. The automobile engine is just the thing for alcohol, he says. But—and it is an important but—the point is whether alcohol would behave becomingly in cold weather. The heavy spirit volatises slowly in those conditions.

Behind the Scenes of Opera. We shall all be interested to hear the upshot of the little duel between Mr. Lucy and the patronising gentleman who filched his book for an American paper, on the pretext that he was giving our distinguished Parliamentary watchdog a lift over the stile. Mr. Lucy may be interested to remember how the Gilbert and Sullivan operas were run in the sneaking States. The law there was that, whatever might be the copyright as to the libretto, the pianoforte score was a separate property—meaning that any Yankee Tom, Dick, or Harry could steal it. So Sullivan had an American to come over here and make the pianoforte arrangements, then copyright them in America as his own. It was privately arranged, of course, that he was to hand over the proceeds to the composer. But the piece was promptly pirated, and the piracy upheld, in defiance of the law. As Sullivan said: "The law is that a free and independent citizen ought not to be deprived of his rights for robbing somebody else." So thereafter the collaborators refrained from publishing their works in England until their own companies had played the operas all over the States.

The Poet's Official Praise. The Poet Laureate came out "strong" over Meredith. His is not ordinarily a ready or willing pen. Poet Laureate though he be, he will not write at any man's bidding; the Muse must drive him. In this he shares the intense distaste of his greater predecessor, Tennyson. The death of a national figure always led to Tennyson's being called upon for an ode or an epitaph, and he said once—"I hate doing this kind of thing, but they bother one's life out if one refuses." To comply was the best, the only way to peace.

MISS WINIFRED BURNABY, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO MR. GEORGE BELAS IS FIXED TO TAKE PLACE AT HOLY TRINITY, SLOANE STREET, ON SATURDAY (THE 5TH).

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.

MISS VICTORIA GWYNNE-HUGHES, WHO IS TO MARRY MR. HENRY ERASMUS PHILIPPS TO-MORROW (THURSDAY).

Miss Gwynne-Hughes is the only child of the owner of Tresgeyb.

Photograph by Alice Hughes.

MR. HENRY ERASMUS PHILIPPS, WHO IS TO MARRY MISS VICTORIA GWYNNE-HUGHES TO-MORROW (THURSDAY).

Mr. Philipps is the eldest son of Sir Charles Philipps, of Picton Castle.

Photograph by Elliott & Fry.

WIFE OF THE HEADMASTER OF ETON, MRS. EDWARD LYTTELTON.

Photograph by H. Walter Barnett.



MISS WINIFRED BURNABY, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO MR. GEORGE BELAS IS FIXED TO TAKE PLACE AT HOLY TRINITY, SLOANE STREET, ON SATURDAY (THE 5TH).

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.



WIFE OF THE HEADMASTER OF ETON, MRS. EDWARD LYTTELTON.

Photograph by H. Walter Barnett.



A LIBERAL HOSTESS: MRS. ALFRED MOND.

Mrs. Mond, a "Sargent sitter," is one of the most popular of Liberal hostesses. She is a very prominent figure in the Ladies' Liberal Social Council.

Photograph by H. Walter Barnett.

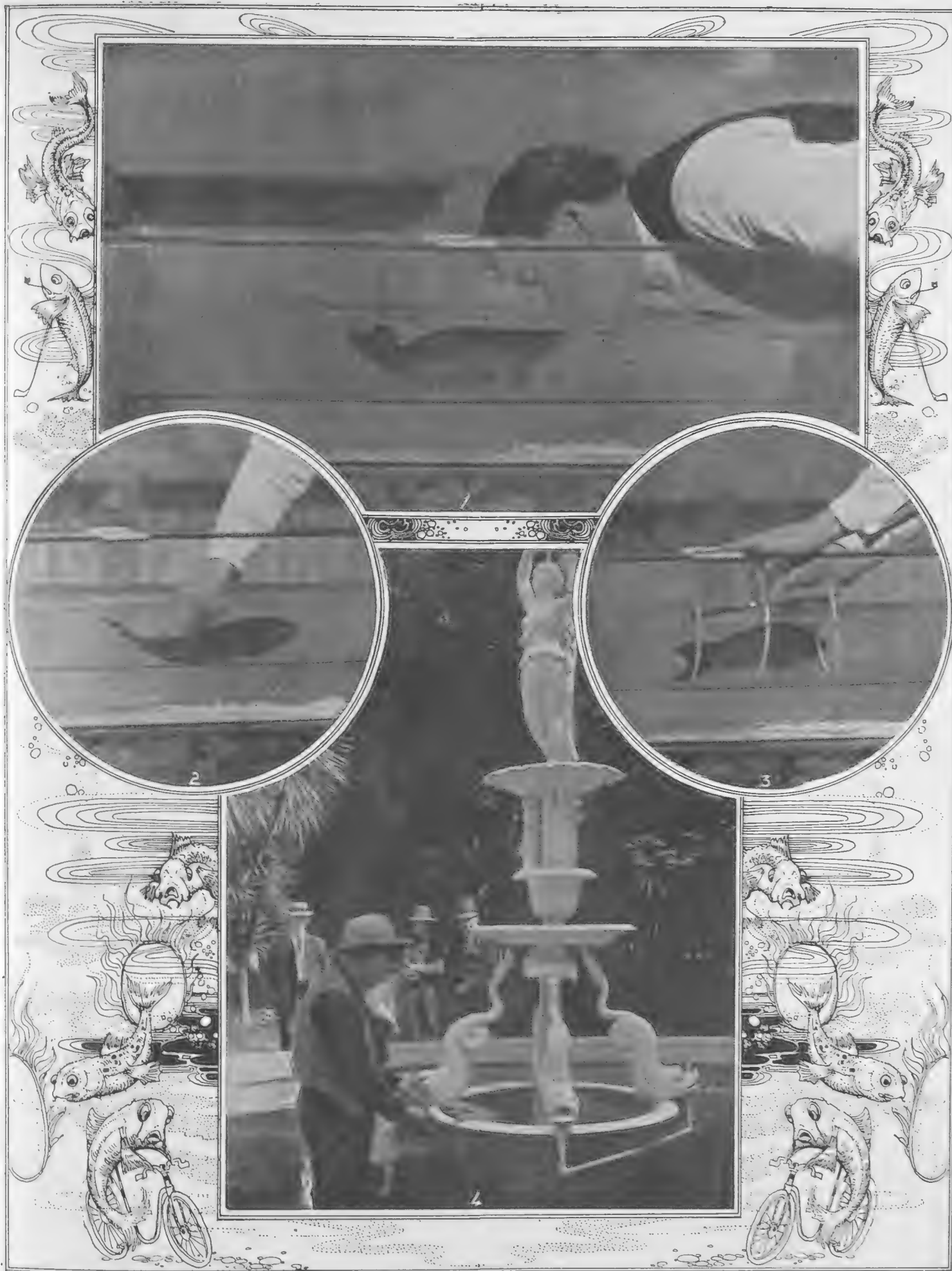


MR. HENRY ERASMUS PHILIPPS, WHO IS TO MARRY MISS VICTORIA GWYNNE-HUGHES TO-MORROW (THURSDAY).

Mr. Philipps is the eldest son of Sir Charles Philipps, of Picton Castle.

Photograph by Elliott & Fry.

NO COD! ABE RUEF, THE PERFORMING FISH.



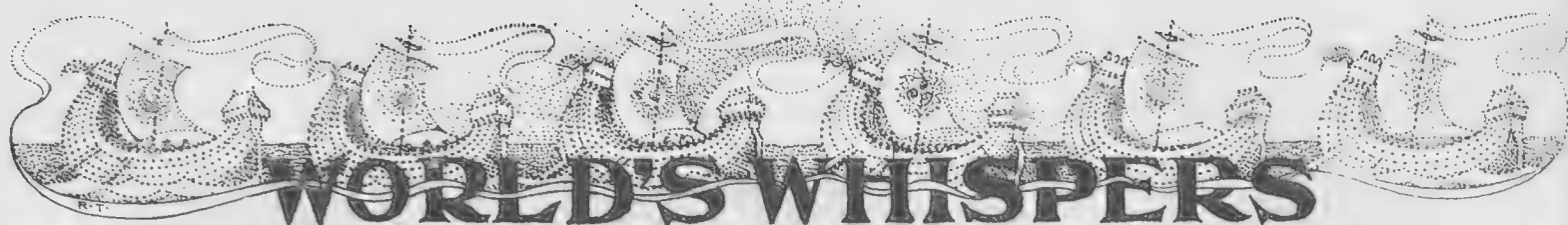
1. ABE RUEF, THE PERFORMING FISH, ANSWERS TO HIS NAME, AND RISES TO THE SURFACE TO KISS HIS MASTER.

2. ABE GOING UNDER A STICK.

3. ABE SWIMMING THROUGH HOOPS.

4. ABE JUMPING FROM THE FOUNTAIN BASIN IN WHICH HE LIVED INTO HIS MASTER'S HANDS.

Our correspondent writes: "The fish, which is to perform in a tank on the music-hall stage, was tamed and trained by Mr. Charles G. Riley, an official of Fountain Park in San José, California. It took seven years to teach the fish his tricks. It appears that one of the duties of Mr. Riley was to remove this fish every Saturday from the fountain in the park to clean out the basin. In a short while, when the water began to get low, the fish would come to his keeper and allow himself to be handled. Then he was given the name of Abe Ruef and taught to answer to the call of a whistle and also to his name. His next feat was to take worms from his keeper's hand, and allow himself to be stroked like a cat or dog. He then developed the trick of jumping clean out of the tank into his trainer's hands. Then Mr. Riley began to teach him new tricks. Recently he took him home, built a special tank for him, and has since taught him, to go over and under a stick, to repeat the same tactics on his side, to go through two or three hoops, to swim backwards, to come to the surface and kiss his master, and to swim under and jump over a bridge at command. At the moment Abe Ruef is learning to ring a bell by pulling a string, and his master says he is 'getting along fine.' When he has finished he is to go on the stage. The fish is thirteen inches long and a fine specimen of his kind."



THE KING, in promising to visit Southend, pays Sir Thomas Lipton's taste in seaside places a much-appreciated compliment. Sir Thomas has for some time past laid stress upon Southend's advantages as a yachting centre, and now his efforts are literally crowned with success. It was at Southampton, it will be remembered, that *Shamrock-III.* dropped her mast with a crash upon the spot where his Majesty had been standing but ten seconds before. The mast was smashed, but the boom did not fail!

Beauty and the Beils.

Though the Beit mansion in Park Lane is only lent by its present owner, Mr. Otto Beit, to Mr. and Mrs. Lionel Phillips, the season will probably prove long enough to find a permanent owner or continuing tenant. No house is now better known, for the dance given there in honour of the débutante daughter was preceded by no fewer than twenty-three dinner-parties, which by themselves made a muster of some three hundred people to "go on." The Duchesses of Somerset and Wellington and Lady Leconfield were among the chaperons; and where there were so many girls to admire, it was observable that the honours of the night for beauty might pass to their elders, who, like all women, are only as old as they look. Miss Nellie Hozier, for instance, delighted eyes that yet wandered back to the beauty of the dame who brought her, Lady Talbot.

"In the Central Blue."

Sir Claude Champion de Crespigny once made a world's record by winning a steeplechase and making a balloon ascent well within twenty-four hours; but the other day, when he looked down upon the Stadium from an altitude of about a mile and remembered he should have been judging a Marathon race from the grand-stand, he broke an engagement instead. But ballooning has fascinated him for more than a quarter of a century. He did not begin his experiences of balloons in the kindest spirit, for it fell to his lot to pursue and shoot at those which ascended from besieged Paris during the Franco-German War. That, perhaps, gave the French aeronauts an excitement that has never fallen to Sir Claude, although he heard his own heart beat when he crossed the Channel among the silent clouds.

Gentle Sir Claude. The late Duke of Beaufort had a story of Sir Claude Champion de Crespigny which is characteristic. Sir Claude had been dining with friends in the country, two miles from anywhere, and as an expected fly did not arrive in time to take him back to his distant inn, he set out in evening-dress and pumps, all in the pouring rain, and along a dark country road.

Halfway, to be sure, he met the fly, and blew up the driver for not coming in time. The driver took it ill, got off his seat, and said that if he heard another word he would punch Sir Claude's head. A head was punched, but not Sir Claude's, the flyman, who was a big man and known as "the Bully" in the village, having met more than his match. "Sir Claude," added the Duke, "is full of kindness; most quiet and inoffensive"; and then we remember that the balloonist once had a fight with a waterman that lasted an hour and a half.

Maximp. When Mr. Max Beer-bohm rubs shoulders, as he did the other day in Westminster Abbey, with persons whom he has distorted into hideous shapes in his caricatures, he goes unharmed. Shoulders are rubbed, but nought else befalls. No hat-pin is driven through Poole into his heart, no elbow jolts his ribs, for it is the fashion to tolerate and condone the stabs of his pencil. That "Max" should have gone to the Abbey to do honour to George Meredith is not unworthy of notice, for Meredith, alone among his sitters, had the courage to be offended by a "Max" cartoon.

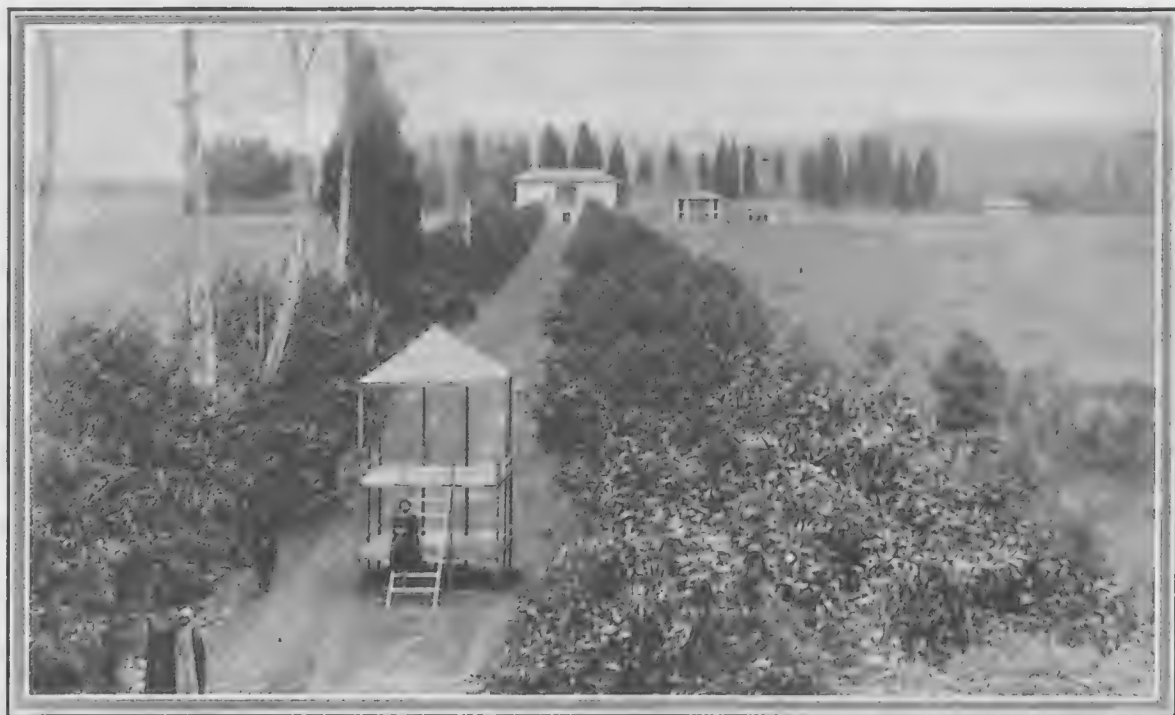
From Battle to Balls. A man who is still full of activities, Lord Ashburnham, is not a familiar figure in Society, and the ball he is soon to give is set rolling out of consideration for a favourite niece (not to mention a daughter), who, with her mother, Lady Margaret Bickersteth, has settled for the season at her uncle's house in Lowther Gardens. Lord Ashburnham sold his famous library for £60,000—and regretted it. What he did not, and will never, sell are his relics of Charles I., including the blood-stained vest worn on the day of execution. Lord Ashburnham, whose marriage was not made public till some years after it took place, lived for a time behind a high wall of exclusiveness in Dover Street, but now is generally at home at Ashburnham Place, near Baile.



THE LOST "JOHN ORTH" (THE ARCHDUKE JOHANN SALVATOR OF AUSTRIA) SAID TO BE ALIVE; DUNN'S RESTAURANT, PAINESVILLE, OHIO, IN WHICH THE VANISHED ARCHDUKE IS BELIEVED TO BE LIVING.

It is said that the Archduke Johann Salvator of Austria, cousin of the Emperor of Austria, who renounced his title, family, and wealth in order to marry a Viennese opera-singer, Ludmilla Stibel, under the name of John Orth, is not dead, as was generally supposed, but is alive. In fact, it is stated that he is working as a machinist in the shops of the Coe Company, of Painesville, Ohio, for a wage of 15 dollars a week. The Archduke and his wife set out on the sailing-vessel "Santa Margarita," last seen at Montevideo on July 13, 1890. From that day nothing was heard of the ship, or of "John Orth" and his wife.

(See Facing Page.)



MUCH ROOM, FEW BEASTS: A "ZOO" IN PERSIA.

Photograph by G. G. Barn.

A FAMILY LIKENESS? IS THIS "JOHN ORTH?"



A FIFTEEN-DOLLARS-A-WEEK ROYALTY? IS THIS THE MISSING "JOHN ORTH," ARCHDUKE JOHANN SALVATOR OF AUSTRIA, COUSIN OF THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA?

According to an American paper, this photograph shows "John Orth" (the Archduke Johann Salvator of Austria), cousin of the Emperor of Austria, who vanished in 1890. Certainly the likeness between the sitter and the Emperor Francis Joseph is very marked. It will be remembered that the Archduke Johann Salvator, having renounced his title and his claims to the succession to the throne in 1890, that he might marry the Viennese opera-singer, Ludmilla Stibel, set sail on the "Santa Margarita." This vessel was last seen at Montevideo in July 1890, and since that time nothing has been known of John Orth or his wife. It is now said that the ex-Archduke is not dead, but alive in the person of the workman here photographed, who earns fifteen dollars a week at a mechanic's bench at Painesville, Ohio, and lives in a little boarding-house and restaurant.

THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS

(By E. F. S. (Monocle))

The State of the Theatres.

The state of the theatres is rather startling. We are now in the month of June—though, in fact, I write in the merry month of May. Why it is regarded as a peculiarly merry month I do not know, but perhaps there once were reasons. The season has begun, the hotels are filling, you may see people in the streets strangely clad and carrying guide-books; the White City is opened, the world and his wife and his sons and daughters are expected. What have we in the theatres? Five are closed: Drury Lane, except for a short season of opera with Italian chestnuts, the Haymarket, the Savoy, the Adelphi, and the Hicks Theatre are offering the famous piece which bears the title of "Relâche." Two of the playhouses, the Lyceum and the Aldwych, are presenting melodrama at popular prices. Five of the theatres are giving musical comedy, and a sixth is occupied by those diverting people, "The Follies." This leaves about fourteen establishments at which legitimate drama is being played at fashionable prices. In two of them there are revivals of English pieces, "The School for Scandal" and "The Explorer." The one is a classic and the other will never be. At the St. James's there is "Old Heidelberg," a revival of an adaptation from the German. At the Vaudeville is "The Chorus Lady," an American work which will fairly flummox the foreigner who has learned his English from a dictionary; and at the Garrick is another American play. So London has to offer to her visitors as modern English drama "What Every Woman Knows," "The Earth," and "What the Public Wants," and we are very content that there are three plays of such merit for them to see. In addition there are "A Merry Devil," not yet produced; "An Englishman's Home," which apparently the United States and Germany have rejected; "Penelope," which is enjoying a long run; "Mr. Preedy and the Countess" and "Henry of Navarre"—all successful, but not exactly ambitious drama.

Mr. Oscar Asche on the Slump.

The foreigner, unless he is induced to patronise some of the "side-shows," such as productions by the Stage Society or the Afternoon Theatre, may be disposed to ask why people are talking of the renaissance of British drama. I notice that Mr. Oscar Asche has been ascribing the slump in the London theatres to three causes—the first of them, the growth in the number of the theatres. Seeing how many of them have been tenantless from time to time during the last twelve months, I think there is not very much in this. It is true that there are now twenty-six or twenty-seven West-End playhouses. For a long time there have always been at least half-a-dozen used for musical comedy and the like. Drury Lane rarely competes for more than a short season with the legitimate drama; so, roughly speaking, even including occasional outbursts at the Court, there are not more than twenty theatres to be reckoned with. Comparing these with the number that existed twenty years ago in the West End, there is nothing like a growth in number proportionate to the increase of available population. As a second reason, Mr. Asche urges that the illustrated papers and magazines

have hurt the theatres by destroying illusions, by telling the public too much about what passes behind the footlights—a quite unprovable allegation, in which I have no confidence. His third is that too many tickets are given to dead-heads. It is rather a curious fact that almost everybody connected with the theatres professes to believe that the dead-head system is deleterious, yet it is persisted in by those who denounce it. I do not suggest that Mr. Asche will distribute paper in Australia—whither he and his talented wife are going—I trust that these admirable artists and bold managers will meet with enthusiastic support over there, and need no dead-heads

to dress the house. The plain truth is that the year 1909 has the honour of seeing a great crisis in Theatre-land, the outcome of which is uncertain: it may be that we shall see the triumph of the new drama and the death of the greater part of the old; and it may be that the old and new will play the lamentable tragedy of the Kilkenny cats. It is not in my province to offer prophecies; perhaps Captain Coe will oblige, assuming that there is such a person as Captain Coe. I have always regarded him as a kind of Mrs. Harris, as resembling the John Doe and the Richard Roe of the lawyers—a kind of Coe, Doe, Roe, and Co.

"Old Heidelberg" Every manager likes Again. to have his

"David Garrick." Whenever there has been any hitch, Sir Charles Wyndham has put on that famous play. Unexpected trouble at the Lyric was promptly followed by the appearance of "Monsieur Beaucaire," though I noticed with sorrow lately that "The Three Musketeers" usurped its place. "Old Heidelberg" has promised to be the "David Garrick" of Mr. George Alexander. The play possesses a judicious mixture of the romantic, the sentimental, the pathetic, and the gaily comic, which the public finds irresistible. It is not, perhaps, for the critic to say which of these three *chevaux de bataille* he prefers. At any rate "Old Heidelberg" suffers the least from repetition, and is the best written. Yet I learn that Mr. Alexander, after this revival, is not going to appear any more as the pleasure-seeking Prince who has to sacrifice love to duty. This

is regrettable, since there are few characters in his repertoire in which he has given so much pleasure to his countless admirers as when representing the princeling suddenly swept away by the joy of living, and almost as suddenly grabbed by life and coerced into the stern task of controlling his principality. Mr. Alexander's performance is quite remarkably good, particularly in the third act, where the cruel summons to return from the gay city of Heidelberg to the gloomy Court arrives just at the moment when he and the delightful Käthie are about to start on a jaunt to Paris, to be conducted, I understand, on a strictly honourable basis. For the part of Käthie Miss Eva Moore was again in the cast, and everybody knows that this is one of the best things in the career of the popular actress. Mr. J. D. Beveridge is quite the ideal Dr. Jüttner, and playgoers will long treasure the memory of his acting of the character.



IN THE CHARACTER THAT, SEEMINGLY, SHE MIGHT PLAY FOR EVER: MISS MAUDE ADAMS AS MAGGIE IN "WHAT EVERY WOMAN KNOWS"—"MAUDE ADAMS'S PLAY."

Miss Maude Adams plays Miss Hilda Trevelyan's part in "What Every Woman Knows," and is meeting with so much success that it has been said that she might go on appearing in the character for ever. Mr. Barrie is so pleased that he has asked Mr. Frohman not to send any companies on tour in the United States, as he wishes his work to be known in America as "Maude Adams's play."—[Photograph by Moffett, Chicago.]

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"THE SKETCH" ARTIST WITH MR. ROOSEVELT:

THE EX-PRESIDENT KILLS HIS FIRST LION — WITH ASSISTANCE.



1. POOF!
2. HOOF!!
3. SPOOF!!!

DRAWN BY ALFRED LERT.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



The Man in this Case.

It is not often that an actor rehearsing in a great London success which is to go on tour fails to meet the author during the rehearsals, and is unaware of his identity. That, however, was once the case with Miss Grace Lane—who appears this (Wednesday) evening in "A Woman in the Case," at the Garrick—at the time she was preparing Lady Babbie in "The Little Minister." During the course of the tour the company went to Stoke Newington. One evening the manager told Miss Lane he was going to take a gentleman to see her. He mentioned the name, but she failed to catch it, and she thought it was the reporter of one of the local papers, for she had to receive those gentlemen every week to give an interview in the interests of the play. After the second act the manager appeared with the gentleman, whom he presented, but again without speaking his name distinctly. For a couple of minutes the conversation flagged, and Miss Lane began to think she had met the most diffident journalist of her life. He simply declined to ask a single question—which is not the way of the ordinary journalist when interviewing actors. Desiring to be pleasant, Miss Lane thought she would talk to him about the play, as she concluded he was sitting in front, so she said genially, "A very pretty piece, isn't it?" "Very," replied the supposed journalist. "Ever seen it before?" asked Miss Lane. For answer came the one word, "Yes." "Oh, at the Haymarket, I suppose?" suggested the actress pleasantly. "Yes," the supposed journalist nodded; "I wrote it." Then Miss Lane realised that the bashful (supposed) journalist was not a journalist at all—or rather, was a journalist no longer—but was Mr. Barrie himself. She began to apologise for not knowing him, but Mr. Barrie, in his delightful way, soon set her at her ease, and assured her that it was no new experience to him not to be recognised as the author of his own plays, for Miss Ellen Terry had done the same thing

when he was first introduced to her.

"A Thing of Shreds and (Cabbage) Patches."

Motor-cars on the stage are always more or less of a difficulty, for, given a good-sized car, something is sure to happen sooner or later. This was strikingly brought home to Mr. Ashton Pearse—now a member of the company of the St. James's, where Mr. George Alexander has recently revived "Old Heidelberg"—when he was playing Mr. Bob in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" at the Adelphi. In the third act, the course of true love having been made to run smooth by Mrs. Madge

moving smartly. With luck and one or two narrow escapes, however, things went well for forty-nine nights, and all the famous characters of the "Patch" and the real live goat went uninjured. At the fiftieth performance, however, amid the cheers of the crowd and the crashing of falling electric-lamps, the car disappeared from view, carrying a house, a few trees, and some other odd bits of scenery on its mud-guards.

The crowd was left revealed, vainly trying to hide itself, and pretending it was not there, while the tonneau of the motor, with the addition of the Adelphi stage wall, loomed largely in the eye of the audience for the rest of the act. Petroleum being forbidden in the theatre, the motive-power for the car was supplied by a push behind from half-a-dozen strong men, and a big pull off by means of a strong wire attached to the front axle. A few nights after the last episode, the bride and bridegroom were in the

car, the last good-byes had been said, and Mr. Pearse deluded the audience into believing he was a skilled motorist by playing with every tap and screw of the machine; he sounded the horn, the cue for the men to pull. The car did not budge. He looked off the stage and saw the lusty stage-hands on their backs, their hands and legs waving wildly in the air. The wire had broken. The moment was critical. It inspired one of the stage-hands. He turned on his stomach, crawled to the wing, and grabbed the short end of the wire, and as he did so another man seized him round the waist, and, each man doing likewise, thus forming a living chain, with a long pull and a strong pull and a pull altogether, the bride and bridegroom went off on their wedding trip amid the cheers of the inhabitants of the "Patch" and of the audience, who were quite unaware that anything unusual had happened.

Butting Against the Elephants.

For an actress to be accused of coming into artistic conflict with an animal show, and of discounting the effect of a troupe of elephants, is an incongruity which is scarcely credible, yet it once actually happened to Miss Esmé Beringer, who made so great a success as the Queen in "Hamlet" during the last week of Miss Fay Davis and Mr. Gerald Lawrence's season at the Court, and who, as everyone knows, is an admirable elocutionist. A few years ago, when recitations were so much in vogue at the music-halls, Miss Beringer was specially engaged to recite at one of the large houses in the provinces. On the opening night she had a great success, and her turn was followed by a certain foreign gentleman with a number of performing elephants. The next evening, when Miss Beringer was standing in the wings waiting to go on, the elephant-trainer approached, and with great courtesy, but still greater firmness, said he must ask her to recite something of a more dramatic character, as the humorous items she had chosen sadly interfered with the effect his elephants produced on the audience.



"MRS. DOT" ON HER TRAVELS: MRS. JOHANNE DYBWAD AS MRS. DOT AND MR. ALBRECHT SCHMIDT AS GERALD HALSTANE, AT THE FOLKE-THEATER, COPENHAGEN.

Car, Cook, Mr. Bob and Miss Lucy were sped on their honeymoon trip amid the cheers of the "Cabbage Patch." At the Adelphi quite a large motor-car was introduced into the going-away scene to heighten the effect. With very little room behind the scenes, and with only four inches to spare on each side of the motor-car, it was ticklish work handling the car once it was



THE FRENCH STAGE IN LONDON: MME. JANE HADING, WHO IS TO BE AT THE SHAKESPEARE, CLAPHAM, ON JUNE 9.

Mme. Hading has already appeared at the Coronet and the Kennington. She is due at the Broadway on Friday, the 4th; at the King's, Hammersmith, on the 5th; and at the Shakespeare, Clapham, on the 9th.

THE TEETH OF A DILEMMA.



TOMMY (during a temporary lull in the conversation): I say, Ma, isn't it a pity you haven't got the toothache instead of poor Jane?
 MA: Gracious me! Why, dear?
 TOMMY: Why, 'cos you can take yours out, and she can't.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER

George Meredith.

In writing a few words about Meredith I shall not attempt to do more than to add some slight reflections to those you have read in other quarters, or it may be merely to express some of them differently. I feel, as I felt when I wrote something here of Swinburne, that to deal thoroughly to the best of one's powers, in however humble a spirit, with so great a theme was a task I could not undertake suddenly and accomplish swiftly. Once more I am glad that such a task is not mine. I confess I have not seen many "appreciations" of Meredith which came within a measurable distance of genuine insight into his qualities, or of an understanding of what he meant in our literature; and, as I have indicated, I was not surprised. One or two seemed to me just and knowledgeable and illuminating, and that is a great deal. There is only one thing I would say by way of criticism, and that is that the remark I read here and there that he was the last of the great Victorian novelists is not true. It is natural, perhaps, to be forgetful of others when so great a master is dead; but the writers should not have forgotten Mr. Hardy. Mr. Chesterton, not forgetting Mr. Hardy, justifies the expression a little sophistically, for it must refer to time, and not to a point of view.

Some Reflections.

I do not know how much Meredith's work means to the present generation of young men. When I was at college, twenty years ago, to those of us who had any intellectual bent at all he was a great familiar. I should think and hope that that is even more the case now, because his was essentially work which made its way steadily. No influence on young minds could well be better, for his philosophy is sane and wide, his zest in life wholesome and invigorating, and, above all, he makes his readers think—think, or cease to read him; there is no other choice. You cannot read Meredith idly and languidly, half thinking of something else; your mind must be bent to the matter all the time, and that is a very good thing. That, I suppose, is what most people mean, or meant, by his "obscurity." It is no doubt true that he had little mercy on the ordinary mind, differing in this, as a French critic has pointed out, from most of his great predecessors in fiction, who have been careful of the ordinary mind's limitations, at least in phrasing. If Meredith had a deep thought to express, he did not labour to make it easy to understand: he simply put it as it was clear to him and would be clear to intelligences capable of following him at his deepest. It is wrong to speak of "obscurity" in this connection. The real explanation is an extraordinary vitality of intellect, which made thought crowd on

thought so rapidly that little space could be given to each. But whatever the right word, it remains true, no doubt, that in much of Meredith very keen and vigilant attention is necessary if you would understand fully.

For the Weaker Brethren.

And, consequently, much of his work must be beyond some capacities. But how much is left—for those, at least, who are worth considering at all! When a man tells me that he cannot read Meredith, if he is a fool I merely smile; but if he is not, I tell him to try "Harry Richmond." If one were forced to draw up a list of his novels in order of excellence I should be inclined to place it first, so that the people I give this advice to need not think that I am depreciating their taste. There is less of direct philosophy in it than in many others of his novels, but what a wealth of character

and what a splendid romance! It has pretty well everything that I need in a novel. Richmond Roy is one of the great creations of literature, and close to him stands Squire Beltham, each gaining from their contrast. It would have been worth lending—giving, that is—a thousand pounds to Richmond Roy to watch how he spent it, and worth



ARTIST: I am really flattered to see you like my picture and offer such a good price for it. But it's not quite finished.
MOTORIST: It doesn't matter. I just want the canvas to repair a burst cover.

DRAWN BY RICARDO FLORES.

incurring the Squire's wrath, terrifying though it would have been, to hear his denunciation. The Squire's language is wonderful language; I won't allow that it is "unreal," as somebody has said: language so good as that is real when it has been created. . . . But if I go into details I shall never end. I would only add that the vitality of intellect, so vivid on every page of his books, is amazing in another way when we consider the long tale of them, spread over so many years. And it remained to the end of his long life—surely the greatest consolation possible to the friends who mourn him.

A Good Stuart Book.

Being interested as I am in the Stuarts, I ought to have read some months ago, when it appeared, "The Royal Stuarts in their Connection with Art and Letters," by W. G. Blaikie Murdoch. Now that it has come my way, I hasten to recommend it to those of a like taste. It is excellently thorough and sympathetic. What an artistic race it was! From James I. of Scotland, who wrote "The King's Quair," to Prince Charles Edward, who had a pretty turn with his pencil, nearly every one was an artist of some sort, and nearly every one—which is more important in kings—an encourager and patron of artists. The amount of material in this small book—but it is fairly close-printed, and runs to three hundred pages—is extraordinary, and must have been a very long labour, however pleasant. Such work is horribly ill-encouraged in this country: I trust my readers will do something to reward it.—N. O. I.



A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

A QUESTION OF COLOUR.

By FLORENCE M. BAILEY.

ALBERT CHARLES CURTIS stared fixedly at the receding beauties of the Royal Albert Docks, the uppermost thought being, as it has been in many thousand other minds, when he would next see them. Only in his case there was none of that regret which tinges the reflections of most Anglo-Indians, even when it concerns the murk of the London Docks. Albert Charles was, in fact, doing much more looking forward than backward, save in a physical sense; he was conscious of the fact that he was beginning something new, getting out of the rut, doing what most of his old pals had professed themselves aching to do likewise had they not been hampered by wives and kids. Unconsciously he drew up all his inches as he thought of what he might make of the future, and turned from his last look at London to give a friendly interest to his fellow-passengers. His face, oval and of the pallor common to the workman whose craft lies indoors—and in composing-room at that—had the satisfied look of capacity which marks the man who is master of his trade and at ease with the gay life of the best of worlds.

He was, in fact, just at that moment thinking that life was a jolly business all round, and that he'd got lots of luck. He had held down a good job ever since he was out of his time, and had been commended by the foreman as "a smart, capable man, full of resource—just the right one for the post," and this much acquaintance with the character that had gained him a position as foreman printer out East added to the pleasure with which he looked on life and his present shipmates.

"Nice day," he remarked as a suitable opening for acquaintance-ship to a man who passed near him. The other having remarked in forceful Scots with many R's that it was, varra, Charlie suggested inquiringly that they'd find it a lot hotter than this further on. The Scotsman, Syme, glanced at him curiously, listened with curiosity as obvious to the Cockney tones of Charlie's remarks, and then asked carelessly if he had not been out before.

"And when I said 'No,' looked at me as if 'e thought I was a liar," Charlie confided to the occupant of the next bunk that night. He recognised the look several times during the next few days. The boy was young and raw, ignorant of the world outside London to a degree common with his class, involving much outspoken wonderment as to the trivial things of the ship's everyday life. His eagerness in picking up stray words and phrases which would "come in useful when he got there" caused amusement even among the listless. His enthusiasm for the new life, which was gradually becoming more tangible to him, together with the Cockney accent, caused the look of doubt to fade from the eyes of the second cabin long before Albert Charles had unfolded his personal history. There was no possibility of doubting the freshness of his ways, the full English ignorance, the London voice of the boy. One or two of the more emotional of the passengers said that something ought to be done to prepare Albert Charles for what he would probably find: after his little life-history had got around the ship, there was no one anxious to do anything in the way of preparation. Even the most apathetic of jute-wallahs, the most listless of those in indigo, with health, temper, life itself, blurred by the shadows of India's fierce sun, felt that there was something a little pitiful in the case, and stood back to let Fate work. His father, Albert Charles had informed the next bunk, had been in the Army—"Quartermaster he rose to," he added with pride—and had gone through the Mutiny, meeting the future Mrs. Curtis in one of the besieged towns. "Quite a bit of romance, wasn't it now?" he asked, "them meeting like that and then coming back to England, and settling down. No, don't remember her much—died when I was a kid, and the old man, he went not long after. Seems queer, the old folks dead and gone, that knew all about India, and me coming out that's all strange to it." Whereat the resolution

on the part of the next bunk to "say something" broke: you cannot, unless you are a cad or a particularly mean woman, explain to a man who is smiling at you and at life the precise meaning of the word *chee-chee* and its personal application.

So the second cabin of the second-class line treated Albert Charles decently, with the exception of a memsahib whose aspirations were towards a first-class P. and O. life, and who therefore cultivated snobbishness. Altogether he had had "a rattling good time" he informed the heavy man who had been out in jute for fourteen years as they slid through the miles of green swamp, dotted at the verge with wreck signposts, which lead to Calcutta. The jute-wallah grunted—his usual response; then his taciturnity seemed troubled by an idea, and he said slowly, putting the words together with care—

"Out there—you'll find it—rather different—in the ways of the folks, and how they treat you. You'll not be treated like—the English way. You have to put up with being jumped on a lot more without kicking up a row. Thought I'd prepare you a bit." He ended abruptly, conscious of the fact that he could get no nearer a statement of the truth to this fresh young griffin with the London voice and the yellow-tinged eyeballs.

"Jumping on!—why, I thought I was due to do a bit of that when the niggers got anyway out of 'and," answered Curtis. "I'd like to see any manager mistaking *me* for a nigger, and doing the 'igh and mighty."

The jute-wallah glanced at him, tried to frame a clearer sentence, and failing, picked up his stale newspaper, and put Albert Charles out of mind. He had young sons of his own growing up, and was sorry for the boy; but word-spinning had never been in his line, and even if he had made the case clear to Curtis, "*Ka Kharriga?*" He'd be bound to go on to the job just the same, and talking wouldn't mend matters. So that it was still in a state of blissful ignorance of his own—or his parents'—shortcomings, with British working-man independence beaming all over his sallow face, that Charlie sailed up to the dock and marched up the gangway. The manager of the paper, who had been deputed to meet him, seemed unable to fit in this rather talkative young man and his black hair and Cockney turns of speech with his previous notions of a smart English printer:

"You Curtis?" he repeated, when Charlie announced himself; then added, "Good Lord!"

He took the new foreman to a gharry in a silence that would have been eloquent had Charlie understood it.

To a great extent, the manager's form of greeting was accorded to Albert Charles on all sides. Either people expressed surprise or were grimly silent, with sidelong glances at himself that troubled his self-confidence far more than the open surprise. Less than a week of it was sufficient to send him, being an observant young man, and one keenly alive to his own value, to headquarters for information. It was during the manager's morning visit that Curtis, who felt more at ease when he had his linotypes to back him up, asked abruptly—

"I beg your pardon, Sir, but what's the matter? You don't seem to be satisfied—nor the boss either. Aren't I up to what you was expecting, or what? I'd like it out straight, sooner than going on this way."

"There's no one dissatisfied with your work, Curtis—" began the manager smoothly.

"I didn't say there was," broke in Curtis doggedly. "It's *me* I'm asking about—what's wrong with *me*?"

The manager looked away from the brown eyes that fixed themselves steadily on his.

(Continued overleaf.)

"You're imagining things, Curtis. There is not any complaint against you or your work—none at all."

He moved away to end the matter. Charlie followed, speaking with sudden fierceness—"Then what do I get this sort of thing for; what's it mean, you and the boss and all looking at me as if I was a—nigger? I'm no slave. When the gentlemen come down to the works in London they spoke to you like men—they didn't look at you as if you was—" He paused angrily for lack of a word.

The manager moved to the doorway without reply, then changed his mind apparently, and veering round, said abruptly—

"Look here, Curtis, why didn't you let us know before you came out? In some places it wouldn't matter so much, but here—well, the old man is touchy on the colour question, and it was just laying yourself—"

"Colour—what do you mean? Let you know what?" Curtis broke in, voice and face showing his sheer bewilderment.

It was clear, even to the manager, a beefy person of small discernment and no susceptibilities. He stared, feeling vaguely uncomfortable, then said slowly:

"Do you mean to say that you don't know you're dark?" adding as he noticed the bewilderment still visible—"Eurasian, half-caste, only half-English, you know, like Randall and Mendoza and those?"

For a moment Charlie was silent, then—

"Me one of that lot? It's a lie," he broke out fiercely.

"It's no use blustering about it, man; you can't get away from the fact. If you don't believe it, look—well, look at your finger-nails, to start with."

With no thought of cruelty in his own rather dull mind, the manager glanced at them and then at his own. Curtis did the same, flushing darkly. The manager, who meant well after his fashion, drew him out into the compound to end the talk.

"If you didn't know it yourself—well, it's hard on you. That's the worst of having a man in London who doesn't know India"—half to himself—"Mr. Price, you know, who got you to come out. He was told that we wanted an Englishman to look after things—the old man is dead against anyone a bit tarred—so you can guess what he felt like when he saw you." He glanced, with what was meant for a look of kindly encouragement, at the oval face beside him, set in a fixed stare.

Curtis was silent. The manager, with a friendly shake of the arm, added—"Don't you worry; the old man will shake down to it in time," and went off complacent in the thought that he had got through it rather decently. But Charlie remained for awhile standing where he had left him, his eyes unseeing, all the proud British swing gone out of his young body. Now and again he glanced down at his own hand as it lay on a railing, and then his eyes grew fixed again. Finally he said—"Oh, damn it all," and went back among the linotypes. But he walked slowly, and there was a shadow, the shadow of the East, on his face.

The new knowledge of that first week was extended as each day and week went by. Charlie, not being of the refined ranks of society where people study themselves and their emotions as they would a disease, did not analyse his new thoughts concerning himself very closely—had, indeed, few thoughts to analyse. He was only aware of a dull feeling of dissatisfaction with the world in general which he had never had before, a sensation of having lost something which had hitherto added to the joy of life. But, after having satisfied himself that the manager's verdict was correct, by the simple process of comparing himself, facially, with the several Eurasian young men at the boarding-house where he put up, he only gave a mental "damn," and considering the matter settled, prepared to enjoy life again under its altered aspect. Only he found difficulties more in himself than in others. The almost affectionate welcome with which he had been met by his *chee-chee* landlady was explainable now; but the warmth of her interest in his mamma and the ease with which, having discovered that she came from Delhi, she remembered a maternal aunt of her own there who was sure to have known the family, was somewhat of a worry to Albert Charles. He felt a certain satisfaction in being able to say conclusively that he was quite ignorant of his mamma's maiden name. But this trifle did not chill the maternal warmth of Mrs. Gonzalez, nor of the many others of his race who, in all goodness of heart, were anxious to befriend him. Not being given to thought in the abstract, Charlie could not have defined his anger at their advances, rising as it did from a sense of helplessness: he seemed suddenly caught in a wide mesh which was drawing tightly around him—drawing him, too, from his old life, his old self, his English ways and speech towards a new life, a new people who were yet old—and his own.

He had not been out three weeks when he caught himself wondering what was on at the 'Alls, and hearing the roar of London by night—a thing which no man should do before he has been out a hot weather. Regret for London, active and ever-present, soon became regret for himself, and a degree of self-pity which was not good for anyone. The natural reaction from this mood sent him into gaieties of sorts, where the Eurasian element was, naturally, predominant. From this phase he was roused by the fact that the

average *chee-chee* make a good and ready borrower and a bad repayer; and many of his rupees having vanished into the pockets of his new acquaintances, he detached himself from them with a jerk and sought with a pitiful eagerness for entry into an English circle.

He found it, and also a pleasure that took him back to his former self, at a jute-mill down the river. An engineer acquaintance introduced him to the family, likewise engineers, whose breezy notions of life took no count of a man's colour. They, in their turn, introduced him to others, and to the inevitable woman.

She was very ordinary, country-born, slight, pretty, colourless in face and mind—the sort of girl who ages early and develops a biting tongue. She was withal a flirt, and young men were few at the mill. So, for want of better prey, she fastened on to Albert Charles and fooled him, while he, in pitiful triumph at his reception, lay in the dust for her little feet to trample on, and adored her instantly with all the boyish fervour that was left him. His London love-affairs had all been trifling—a mere matter of "taking out" a young lady occasionally—rarely the same young lady. He had therefore all the more earnestness to spare for this serious matter, and devoted himself to the conquest of Miss Maude Burton with the same thoroughness that was shown in his work. His spare time and rupees were given up to her; he dressed with English carefulness for his visits to the mill, in place of the careless style to which the on-coming-hot weather and his new associates had induced him; and almost forgot, in this his first love-making, that cloud which had fallen over him on reaching India. He remembered it with curious suddenness when he found himself advancing by too rapid bounds in his courtship; the little he knew of himself had not prepared him to find such a force of passion in his own ways, and the thought of that unknown mother and all her race chilled him. They had made love and been made love to with that quickness, he supposed, and he drew back from his courtship awhile that it might remain quite English.

But the hot weather came to add a sort of mental prickly-heat to his confused emotions, and drove him again to seek his heart's joy, that he might forget his body's troubles. He went to the mill despite heat and rains alike, and Miss Burton's papa felt called upon to tell her that it was time she ended the foolery. Whereat the flirt laughed and continued it. Albert Charles amused her; his gifts—and adoration—appealed to her vanity, and having no other admirer with youth and good looks due to dance attendance on her until the next cold weather, she meant to play with this moth until his wings were too burnt to render him a pleasant sight.

Which happened in August, when Charlie, in Miss Burton's own words later, "did every silly thing you can think of except go down on his knees." He stammered a little over his declaration, which yet was honest, tender, manly in every word, showing all the love of the simple, every-day soul that he offered her—and she laughed. The devils must envy the sound of some women's laughter.

Charlie felt that it took from him for ever his faith, his youth, his gaiety; he could hear the echo of it above her careless words, which hurt him less than the laugh. Now that the moth was singed, she did not trouble to pick her phrases.

"I shouldn't dream of it, Mr. Curtis," she said, in the loud, high voice which he had found bright until now; "of course, I couldn't possibly marry anyone dark."

She settled herself comfortably in her long chair as she spoke, as though that were conclusive, though she glanced at him from under her eyelashes. Charlie flushed the dark red that made his face so much darker, and broke out fiercely—

"That's all you've to say for yourself after—after all you've led me to believe? You—you jade!" He made a step forward as though he would have thrown her, chair and all, over the verandah, then pulled himself together and in silence strode down to the ghât.

Next morning he asked the manager if he thought his immediate return to England might be arranged.

"I don't think I'll ever take to this place, Sir, after what I've found out about me being—dark." He jerked the word out viciously and was silent a while. "I'd like to get back to London if the boss would break the agreement—not as 'e'll mind, I expect. I know a man will just do for the job—one that's white enough for you and 'as a grandma and all to show. I can manage the passage back—there's friends in the trade at 'ome will lend it quick enough," with a touch of defiant pride; "and I'll 'ope to put you to no inconvenience."

The manager hesitated, looked at him curiously and said something about seeing what the burra-sahib said. Charlie cut him short.

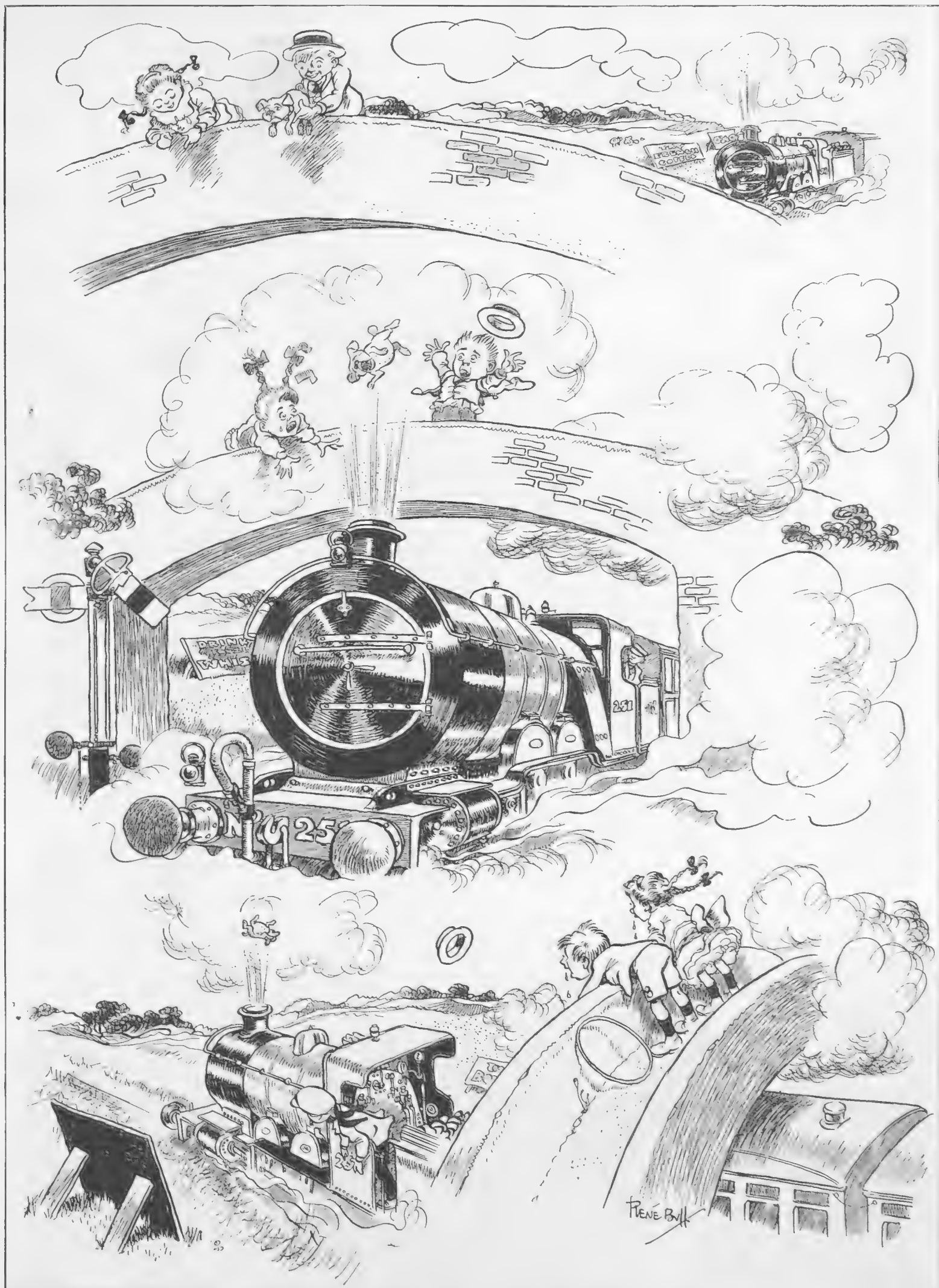
"I'm going, anyway—I want to get out of this 'ole. Another month or two, and I'd blow my brains out."

He turned his back to the manager, who glanced at him again and said he'd "see the burra-sahib."

And in Charlie's mind, dulled with the many smarts dealt it of late, the thought that was revolving was, curiously enough, not of the manager, or even of Miss Burton, but of a certain little girl named Gladys, who lived Denmark 'ill way, and always said what fine eyes 'e'd got, and the nicest moustache of any young man she knew.

"PUFFED TO PERDITION; OR, THE FINISH OF FIDO."

A MELODRAMA IN THREE ACTS.



ACT I.—THE BRIDGE AT NOONDAY: WAITING FOR THE PASSING OF THE EXPRESS.

ACT II.—THE SAME—FIVE SECONDS LATER: THE FALLING OF FIDO.

ACT III.—THE SAME—TWO SECONDS ELAPSE: FIDO IS GIVEN A FREE TRIP, A YELPING BALL ON A COLUMN OF SMOKE, HELPLESS AS AN EGGSHELL ON A WATER-JET.

DRAWN BY RENÉ BULL.

I'M WEIGHTING FOR THEE, LOVE, WEIGHTING FOR THEE!



MISS FEATHERSTONE: My dear Douglas, you don't seem to have the ghost of an idea how to steer.

DRAWN BY STARR WOOD.

SMALL TALK



MISS EDA MERIEL EDMONSTONE, WHO IS TO MARRY LIEUTENANT RICHARD ST. JOHN.

Miss Edmonstone is the only child of Colonel Neil Edmonstone, late of the 4th Hussars.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.

elders; but it is one of those differences between English and American conventions to which nieces are understood to be able to adjust themselves, whatever may be the case with aunts.

Stafford House. The Duchess of Sutherland has decided to have more Friday evenings in continuation of those she gave last summer. They are evenings after her own heart, at once free and gracious, stately and Bohemian. If England cannot soar to a salon, the Friday evenings at Stafford House are the nearest

LADY GRANARD and her husband are to be the guests of the King and Queen at Windsor Castle for Ascot Week. But her mother, Mrs. Ogden Mills, and her aunt, Mrs. Cavendish Bentinck, attend the races together under more ordinary conditions. Lady Granard is not yet quite accustomed to the precedence given her over her

approach yet achieved; for nobody but the Duchess of Sutherland is at home in so many worlds and could gather their best representatives together.

"Fridays." There will almost certainly be no dancing in the Duchess's informal future programmes. But the Stafford House "Fridays" must remain the most inspiring of evenings. Invitation-cards have already sped on their way alike to Berkeley Square and Battersea, and the day after to-morrow Mr. Gilbert Chesterton and the Marquis de Soveral, mutually interested, may once more jostle each



ONE OF THE FIVE DAUGHTERS OF THE FOURTH LORD CASTLEMAINE: LADY ROSMEAD.

Photograph by Bassano.

other on the noble staircase the Duchess abandons for the nonce to take her place among her guests.

Margot or Margaret. The death of the Prince of Wales's librarian recalls the fact that Mrs. Asquith is not the only patriot who has found it convenient to favour French wares or wears. And if Downing Street has erred, it may be pleaded that Windsor Castle has often set a similarly roving example. It is with a characteristic suggestion of defiance that Mrs. Asquith signs herself "Margot" in her explanatory letter to Mr. Richardson, though her baptismal and British names are Emma Alice Margaret. Sometimes her page ends on Margaret, but at others the French name has, like a French slipper, a sharper point.

"The West End." Mrs. George Cornwallis West has written a new play and gone into a new flat, and which transaction is going to prove the more profitable is still on the lap of the gods. Mrs. Stickney pays £1000 for a three months' tenancy of the house in Great Cumberland Place; but, of course, the play, if a success, will bring a sum large enough

to make Mr. Lloyd-George blush (he does blush sometimes) when he sees her income-tax return. Even Sir Robert Peel once blushed as a sequel to his curiosity in looking at a return, or so Disraeli said. These are the amusing surmises made by Mrs. George in her

new temporary flat in Duke Street, Grosvenor Square. The "Lady Randolph" of old days is never happily housed unless she is near to the Marble Arch. Mrs. George speaks as though her play were the end of her literary career. But, as somebody said, the West End stretches itself out almost indefinitely.

Devonshire House. Most nights these weeks are dinner nights at Devonshire House; and every passer-by in Piccadilly may know it. With doors thrown wide to admit the coy breezes, the hall, thronged with guests, is seen through the indiscreet open-work of the fine iron gates upon the highway. There Mr. Balfour discourses with his host, under the

scrutiny of the Front Benches—of the motor-bus; and there the gong causes a public rout of the a-hungered. Not even that illuminated dining-room in Park Lane is more revealed. In the Lane, by the way, the Beit mansion has at last found a tenant, rid itself of the blot of an agent's board, and marks the occasion with a giant house-warming.

Coming Out. Lady Dudley finds much pleasure in putting her company, her counsel, her carriage, and a thousand other benefits at the service of her friends and her friends' daughters; and two of the season's debutantes are under her care—and very happy there. Lady Kathleen Thynne, who dropped her baptismal name, Alice, almost before she could pronounce it because an aunt bore exactly the same title, may be said to do her "coming out" from Heaven's Gate, for so one spot of particular beauty at Longleat, her father's place in Wiltshire, is called. Lord and Lady Annaly's daughter, Lilah, has been Lady Dudley's other pretty charge. But, after all, Lady Dudley is but practising, and her own daughters are old enough to be impatient to reap the benefits.

A Londoner. Sir George Wombwell, who is now seventy-seven years young, has taken full advantage of the enlarged liberty in dress achieved by the male sex. Gone are the days when St. Aldegonde made a sensation by walking along Piccadilly in a bowler-hat. Sir George knew those days and was their victim. But this week he has supplied unastonished Piccadilly with a bowler and a sporting suit of light tweed. Sir George went into the National Gallery the other day in this guise, but was mistaken by nobody for a country cousin. Dressed conventionally or unconventionally, Sir George is always the finished Londoner.



LIEUTENANT RICHARD ST. JOHN, WHO IS TO MARRY MISS EDA EDMONSTONE.

Lieutenant St. John is a grandson of the late Admiral Sir Arthur Farquhar.

Photograph by Lafayette.



A SHERIDAN: LADY STRACEY.

Lady Stracey, who was a Miss Sheridan, is a sister of Mrs. Hall Walker. Her marriage took place in 1902.

Photograph by Bassano.



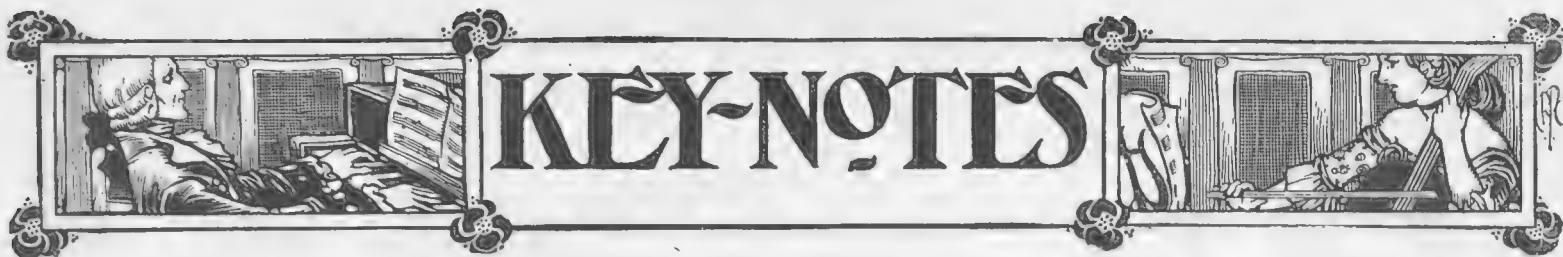
ORGANISING CLASSES FOR FIRST AID TO THE WOUNDED IN WAR: LADY ESCHER.

Photograph by Kate Pagnell.



ONE OF THE BEST AMATEUR ACTRESSES IN SOCIETY: LADY DOWNSHIRE.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.



Debussy's Masterpiece.

Whatever the measure of success that awaits Debussy's setting to Maeterlinck's "Pelléas et Mélisande" in this country, there can be no doubt that the production of the work, call it opera or melodrama, or what you will, will be one of the great events in operatic history,



TO TELL AGAIN THE STORY OF HIS KIDNAPPING? MR. MARK HAMBOURG.

Mr. Mark Hambourg, the well-known pianist, is to relate his experiences in a book, which, it is understood, is to be published by Mr. Eveleigh Nash. He has just left England for Normandy, where he intends to devote the next few months to the preparation of the work. Doubtless an opportunity will be afforded for reading in full the details of the extraordinary kidnapping episode of which he was the victim.

cerned, he often lagged behind them. Much of his music defies any voice of ordinary calibre, and some of the world's great opera-singers date their downfall from the time when they endeavoured to express the undeniable beauty that calls for voices and physique of such herculean proportions as his work requires. Young Italy, rejoicing in its passion and its joy of life and love, has treated the human voice with little more consideration, if any, than was shown by Wagner himself. French composers and some modern Germans—among whom, of course, Richard Strauss is not to be included—have recognised that vocal chords are delicate, and have written with a certain regard for them, while the public, moving steadily along the road indicated by less considerate composers, has come to look upon singers—and players, too—much as it looks upon the gymnasts and professional strong men whose habitat is the music-hall. In short, they have appreciated sensation and depreciated art.

The Significance of the Change.

The hour is ripe for a change, and Debussy has indicated the line such a change is likely to follow. In writing the score of "Pelléas et Mélisande" he set himself deliberately to the task of elaborating and emphasising the most significant points of a wonderful story. It is unnecessary in this place to indicate the lines that story follows, for it has been published, and has been presented on the London stage as a play. Everybody knows that the atmosphere in which Maeterlinck's creations pass their lives is heavily charged with mysticism and symbolism. No conventional music, with its arias, regular modulations, and customary cadences, could do justice to figures so illusive and shadowy as Pelléas and Mélisande, Arkel and Yniold, and for the expression of their moods and actions Debussy

that it marks the dawn of a new era, and is bound, in some considerable measure, to divert the stream of English composition. There will be some who will rank Debussy with Gluck and with Wagner as a reformer of Grand Opera; and to see how far they are justified, let us look fairly at the change imposed by the expression of the new thought. Hitherto opera has existed either to display the vocal agility of great singers or the intense dramatic power of great composers who regard the human voice as nothing more than a single section of their score. Wagner himself had splendid theories of a certain unity to which music, words, and mounting contributed their proper parts. But in truth he seldom mastered his own theories; as far as practice is con-

relies upon his favourite device, a scale of six whole tones, and makes free use of the augmented triad. The result is startling and foreign to our ears. He appears to enter at once into the spirit of his story; his music deepens the impression that the action on the stage creates, and seems to provide the only possible accompaniment. The people who move before us are never hampered by the score: they are unconscious of more than a musical echo to their thoughts; the chords become a frame that holds the picture. There is no point at which any figure steps beyond this frame until the curtain has fallen upon it. Detached melody that is merely pleasing to the ear is conspicuous by its absence. In the three hours' traffic on the stage there is no vulgar moment; there is hardly a sensuous one. Scenes of rare charm unfold themselves in rapid succession; there is perfect harmony between the figures and their setting, whether on the stage or in the orchestra, and the result is beauty of the kind Grand Opera has never known. It would be an easy though ungrateful task to show that "Pelléas et Mélisande" has beauties undreamt of, or at least not realised, in such works of supreme achievement as "Tristan and Isolde," "The Meistersingers," and "Salomé," while, as far as the operas of the baser sort are concerned, one cannot help feeling that if "Pelléas et Mélisande" is to come to its kingdom in this country, "Traviata," "Lucia," and "La Sonnambula" will sink to their well-earned graves, and "to no such aureate earth will turn, as, buried once, men want dug up again."

Its Treatment.

In the setting of the opera, the authorities at Covent Garden have reached the pinnacle of their achievement. Nothing more beautiful than the scenes for

which MM. Cillard and Guérard are responsible has been seen at Covent Garden, nor is Mr. Harry Brooke's work far behind theirs. In the title-roles, M. Warnery and Mlle. Féart distinguish themselves by the delightful simplicity of their action and the clearness with which they chant the musical lines. M. Marcoux's Arkel is a rising artist's finest accomplishment, and if M. Bourbon's Golaud is a thought too robust, the part is at least intended to be in striking contrast to the rest, and the artist shows that he is a singer and actor of the calibre that the patrons of Covent Garden have a right to expect. In the world of music, Debussy's opera effects a revolution hardly less significant than that which the Young Turks have effected in the world of international politics; and though it will give rise to varied

emotions and to much abuse from those whose tastes are set and cannot be moulded to suit the changing times, it will be admitted that a new prophet has arisen in the world of opera, and risen at a time when that world was sadly in need of a revelation.—COMMON CHORD.



GRAND-DAUGHTER OF PRINCESS SOLTYSKOFF: MME. BOKKEN LASSON, A CHARMING SINGER OF FOLK-SONGS.

Mme. Bokken Lasson has given several successful recitals in London recently, accompanying herself on the old Swedish lute. She is a granddaughter of Princess Soltyskoff. Her father was closely related to the well-known composer Halvdan Kjerulf, and was a member of his quartet; her brother, Per Lasson, is known as the composer of several works. Mme. Lasson herself first studied under Mme. Nansen, the wife of the famous explorer. She sings folk-songs in seven languages.

Photograph by Versheid.



A Successful and Pleasurable Reunion.

The Royal Automobile Club, its associated clubs, and individual associates may, I think, chronicle the fourth provincial meeting at Lyndhurst, on May 22 and 23, as an unqualified success. The hosts of the occasion being the Hampshire Automobile Club, it was not remarkable that the rallying-point should be fixed in the New Forest, now wearing its very brightest garb of green. Lyndhurst, although three miles from the nearest railway station, has several excellent hotels, and is a point from which the most attractive and picturesque parts of this great hunting-ground can be reached.

The Club and the Taxes—Position Explained.

At the meeting a statement was circulated in which the present history of motor taxation was, as far as it related to the Club, set out. It appears that in February 1908 Mr. Asquith, the then Chancellor of the Exchequer, invited the Royal Automobile Club to consult with him on the matter of the taxation of motor-cars. He stated then that it was his intention to tax motor-cars, and referred to the Report of the Royal Commission on Motor Cars, which recommended such taxation. Now the Royal Commission had recommended taxation on weight basis, which was practically the Motor Union's suggestion, and to which the majority of motorists were opposed for many good and sufficient reasons, too numerous to mention at the moment. But the Club had already taken counsel with the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders, and while they (the Club) held most strenuously that there was no justification for any additional tax on motor-cars, they subsequently came to the conclusion that the fundamental basis for a calculation of taxation should be the R.A.C. rating.

Bore to Rule Awhile.

This was, of course, before the results of the Four-Inch Race in the Isle of Man had clearly and distinctly demonstrated that bore, and bore alone, was no sort of a definite gauge of horse-power at all. As has been shown by the late report of the Rating Committee of the Institution of Automobile Engineers, difficulties of mountainous dimensions appear to stand in the way of agreeing a formula in which both bore and stroke are considered. So, in relation to our

£100,000 odd already contributed to the Imperial Exchequer by motor-cars was enough for glory; but if further taxes were imposed, the amount derived therefrom should be handed over to a central road authority, who should allocate it to the improvement of the roads in the British Isles.

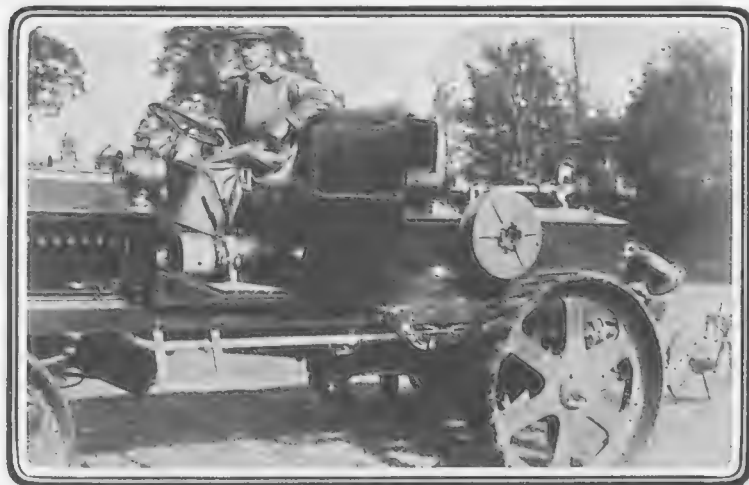
The Central Authorities a Score. Now taxation was as sure as death and a quarter-day, but the Club's recommendation as to the central road authority might easily have been waived aside. This, however, as all the world knows to-day, has not been done; the money to be paid annually by motorists in taxes and spirit duty is not to be engulfed with the rest of the national funds, but is to be specially earmarked for purposes which must appeal to all motorists. It will be noted that the money is to go for the improvement of the roads—not for the upkeep of the roads as they are to-day, in their present position (which would mean nothing more than the alleviation of the local rates); but for the improvement of roads. As this money will be contributed—at first at least, and probably for some considerable time to come—by motorists and no other class of road-users, motorists must look to it, through their official bodies and their individual representatives, that they are adequately represented upon this central road authority, however constituted. As we pay the piper, we have a right to call the tune, or order it.

Tyre-Wear Extraordinary.

I have often said that tyre-manufacture has advanced apace during the past two or three years, and any motorists of standing who will cast back in their minds will realise how their tyre agonies have lessened with the passage of time. Punctures and bursts, which two years or so ago were frequent accompaniments of runs and tours, are now rather conspicuous by their absence until the tyres used have put on quite big mileages. I lately heard a prospective buyer discussing with an agent the advisability of fitting detachable wheels or rims to a light car, and the agent replied by asking in turn how many times his customer had been stopped on the road by tyre troubles during the preceding twelve months. The answer was "Twice," and the moral obvious. I have before me at the moment the photographs of three studded Dunlop tyres two of which have done



AN ADMIRABLE CRICHTON AMONG MOTORS: THE DENNIS GWYNNE MOTOR IRRIGATION TRACTOR THROWING WATER TO A HEIGHT OF 115 FEET.



THE MOTOR TRACTOR, SHOWING ABOVE THE FOOT-BOARD THE DRIVING-WHEEL FOR THE THRESHING-MACHINE.



A TRACTOR THAT HAS BEEN PURCHASED FOR USE ON A SUGAR PLANTATION IN NATAL.

AN ADMIRABLE CRICHTON AMONGST MOTORS: A MOTOR TRACTOR, THRESHER, CHAFF-CUTTER, PLOUGH, AND FIRE-ENGINE IN ONE.

The Dennis Gwynne Motor Irrigation Tractor is used for agricultural purposes. It can pump 250 gallons a minute, and send the water to a height of 115 feet, so that it falls as rain falls. When used for ploughing, it makes a two-foot rut ten inches in depth. It can also be used to drive threshing-machines or a chaff-cutter. The winch that is fitted to it has a wire-rope, which is used when it is necessary to draw the tractor out of a ditch. The rope is fixed to a tree, or some other support, and the tractor drags itself out of its difficulties by its own engine-power.—[Photographs by The Topical Press.]

taxation, heavy as it is, it must bide by the bore formula alone, which, when considered by the light of the above-named competition, does not confine power too severely. But I have digressed from the story. The Club was of opinion that the

continuous duty on the driving-wheels of a six-cylinder 40-h.p. Rolls-Royce car for 9289 miles, and are now, being in every way suitable, going to be retreaded. The covers are actually intact as to the foundations. Could one ask more than this?

[Continued on a later page.]

THE WORLD OF SPORT

Ascot.

Ascot Meeting opens on June 15, and according to all accounts, it will be a brilliant gathering this year if the weather is fine. It is to be a white Ascot, so the fashion writers tell us. I believe the applications for admission to the royal enclosure have been many more than usual, and I cannot help thinking that here is a big source of income if properly exploited. A charge should be made, and the money might be used in improving the course, if possible. Mr. Clement has everything in apple-pie order, and the rhododendrons are just beginning to look lovely. The cheap stand, used last year for the first time, proved a huge success, and it may be taken for granted that it will be crowded on each of the four days of the coming meeting. The racing will be of the best, and I am told that some of the crack American horses that have not run in this country will be seen out for the first time. The Royal Hunt Cup will be a big dish, as several animals have been specially saved for it. Bracelet is a street-corner tip, and Billy the Verger, last year's winner, is expected to run well. Succour, on his Jubilee running, must not be left out in the cold; and Maud Macintosh, who belongs to Lady de Bathe, has evidently been saved for some good race. The Kingsclere people are fond of Vamose, who, by-the-by, is somewhat unreliable, but is very likely to perform well over this track. I notice Lischana and Haytor are among the entries for the Ascot Stakes; while Taylor is also responsible for Regent. The pick of the Manton lot is very likely to win the race.

Tod Sloan.

Many racegoers, myself included, would like to see Tod Sloan riding in this country once more. He was in his palmy days one of the finest exponents of the art of race riding, and it is claimed that he still retains his form. Sloan won on horses that nobody else could get home first, and he had a unique style with rogues. He could make them give of their best running, and it was a real treat to see him coaxing home some rogue of the deepest dye. The remarkable fact of it was, too, that horses Sloan had won on could not be induced by other jockeys afterwards to repeat the feat. He came very near to bringing off a coup with Codoman for the Cambridgeshire when the French horse just got beaten by Berrill. The owner of Codoman did not think his horse had any chance of carrying a penalty to victory at Newmarket, but Sloan induced him to run the animal, and the result, although disastrous, nevertheless proved Sloan to be a wonderful judge. Sloan backed his mount to win a large sum, but this, after all, was not a very serious crime, as our jockeys have been known to back their fancy before to-day, and I, for one, could see no objection whatever to a jockey backing the horse he rides, so long as he did not put money on any other horse in the race.

Sloan got into trouble in France through riding a horse in a gallop over a course, against the rules of the French Jockey Club; but surely this was not a great offence, certainly not sufficiently serious to deprive the rider of his means of livelihood.

Motors.

The majority of the leading owners and some of the big bookmakers motor to and from the course, and the time has arrived when officials who manage our race-meetings should make fair provision for the motor traffic. At Goodwood, Newmarket, and Ascot the arrangements are perfect; and the same may be said of the club meetings in the neighbourhood of the Metropolis. But at some meetings I attended in the winter it was quite impossible for a motor to get on or off the course without being pushed by the crowd. Motors have come to stay, and good

roads should be made to ensure them being driven to their proper place on the course without risk of damage to the car, which as often as not has cost some thousands of pounds. In the case of Goodwood, I would recommend that mechanics be stationed half way up each of the four hills leading to the course, so as to be ready to act quickly in the case of a breakdown. I am surprised that repairing firms have not thought of this wrinkle before. A car-owner would willingly pay well for the necessary help to aid



ROLLER-SKATING UNDER THE SHADOW OF THE KAISER'S OWN VALHALLA: "ROLLERING" IN THE THIERGARTEN, NEAR THE SIEGESALLEE.

Wonderful as it may seem, the Berlin police permit, or at least turn blind eyes to, roller-skating in the public streets of the capital that are asphalted. A popular resort for the roller-skater is the Thiergarten, and there many enjoy the sport to their hearts' content in the very shadow of that avenue of rulers, the Siegesallee.—[Photograph by G. Haeckel.]

him on his journey. I still hold to the opinion that, so far as Goodwood is concerned, one of the roads—say, that up by the Waterbeach Lodge—should be used solely for motors, while the road through the Park and the one leading up Trundle Hill should be kept exclusively for carriage traffic.—CAPTAIN COE.

Captain Coe's "Racing Tips" will be found on our "City Notes" page.

The King's Trainer.

Mr. Richard Marsh was famous long before the King entrusted him with his thoroughbreds. It was his association with the Duke of Hamilton, of sporting memory, which carried Mr. Marsh into the first flight. He did well for the Duke, and the Duke stood by him in no unhandsome manner. "You must come on to the Continent for a three months' holiday with me," said his munificent patron. "But what about the horses?" protested the conscientious trainer. "Oh, let them trot about till we get back; they're my horses," was the answer. Egerton House was two years in process of alteration when Mr. Marsh took possession, and one of the first new growths was a chestnut-tree, planted by the King for luck. The trainer has lived up to his mascot, for he has won the Derby with Persimmon, Diamond Jubilee, and Minoru. He nearly pulled off the Oaks as well, in Persimmon's year; but not long before the event, Thais, the candidate, turned queer, and was ultimately beaten.



By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

**A Piccadilly
Slave-Market.**

There are whispers about that a peculiarly humiliating form of slave-traffic is going on, under our very noses, in the heart of the capital of civilisation. For where there is a demand for a certain kind of labour, be sure there will be someone enterprising enough to supply it. The slaves, I understand, are paraded before their

hirers, clad in their most becoming garments, and exposed to the raking fire of half-a-hundred tortoiseshell lorgnettes. Intellect, and even amiability, are not in request, but a presentable appearance and a semblance of good manners are considered indispensable, while a certain amount of agility is a *sine quâ non*. The human objects exhibited, strangely enough, do not appear to feel their position acutely, and are inclined to look upon the transaction as more or less in the nature of a joke. Yet it is nothing short of a sign of national degeneration that, while we cannot get a sufficiency of stalwart youths to join the Territorials, there are young men in London who are willing to be hired out, so to speak, by strange females for the evening. For the demand, I hasten to add, is for properly equipped dancing-men, and the slave-market is held at a certain modish club, where tea-parties are given "to meet the hostesses of the season."

The more youthful members of our aristocracy and plutocracy showing a decided disinclination to spend their evenings propelling unknown feminine persons round hot drawing-rooms, dance-givers have been compelled to revert to this strange way of recruiting their guests.



[Copyright.]

A WHITE-SILK BLOUSE, WITH TUCKED SLEEVES
AND REVERS OF GLACIER BLUE.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the
"Woman-About-Town" page.)

On the Roof.

A certain enterprising American having opened a roof-garden in Oxford Street similar to those which are so popular in New York in summer time, we may at last be said to have acquired the freedom of the skies. In London, to be sure, we are too prone to burrow under the earth, to live in basement flats, to eat in underground restaurants, to travel in tube railways, rather than to enjoy the upper air. It may be argued that these mole-like inclinations are due to the uncertainty of the climate, and that fog and smuts are not agreeable accompaniments to a meal in the open; but we have only to go far enough up to get rid of all these disagreeables, and to breathe as pure—if slightly damper—air as is to be found on the Continent. And now that Londoners eat more and more in public, it is certain that the roof-garden, both in private houses and in clubs, hotels, and restaurants, will become increasingly dear to us. At a pinch, the roof-garden might have grass plots, while every kind of flowering shrub, palms, creepers, and flowers galore will make our aerial pleasaunces the most agreeable of haunts. Such a garden in the skies would be an ideal place to eat one's meals in summer-time; and with lifts in every house there is no reason why, in the dwelling of the future, as well as in many of those of the present, we should not take, like the Arab, to living on the outside of our topmost storey.

The Mournful French.

M. Marcel Boulestin has been explaining to us, apropos of "Pelléas et Mélisande," how Pagan, how akin to Nature, is the modern French composer. M. Claude Debussy, who is the musical hero of the hour

in London, is even less "tuneful" than Richard Strauss, more subtly erudite than Wagner. Indeed, one gathers from contemporary French writings—and especially from that wonderful epic of a composer, "Jean-Christophe"—that Wagner is already *vieux jeu* in Paris; and that the new symbolists go infinitely farther on the daring path of tone-music than even the Master ventured. In France the advanced composers look upon all German music as sentimental, and written solely for the ordinary uncultured citizen, as an accompaniment, so to speak, of his endless mugs of beer. Bach, I believe, is allowed to have had genius; but the later composers—particularly Schubert, Mendelssohn, and the like—are considered beneath contempt by the modern French music-makers. When "Pelléas" was produced some seven years ago in Paris, M. Boulestin recounts how the French aesthetes foregathered to applaud the new composer, and nearly came to fisticuffs with the old-fashioned folks who came to hiss. Nevertheless, Debussy became the fashion among the "intellectual snobs," and "Pelléas" was played several times a week to crowded houses. We are told that "Pelléas et Mélisande" is not morbid, yet it interprets the increasing pessimism, the strange mournfulness of the modern Parisian: a mournfulness which even the least acute observer can see not only in their music, but in their literature, their art, and their manners.

Intellectual Snobs.

This reminds me that of all the varieties of snob, intellectual snobs are perhaps the most exasperating. These gentry form themselves into coteries for the

worship of this man or t'other, and they can hardly endure the presence of a person who does not agree with them in adulating certain specified poets, painters, or musicians. I know one sensitive individual who cannot remain in the same room with a person wearing a pair of side-spring boots, but there are dozens who will not willingly sit down at table with a man or woman who does not rave about the obscure Mr. Three-Stars or the decadent Mr. Blank. In short, they hold their contemporaries in the deepest contempt if they don't happen to affect the same books, operas, or pictures. It is the form, in fine, which Intolerance takes nowadays, and it manifests itself in the ostracism of the heretic.



[Copyright.]

A CHARMING SUMMER FROCK: A MUSLIN GOWN IN A
SAFFRON SHADE WITH FLOSS-SILK EMBROIDERY.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-About-Town" page.)

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN.

Thrills without Frills.

With the Whitsuntide recess past, the hard work of amusement really begins. No more holidays until the season has come to a close. Ascot Week is a change of venue, but it is very closely part of the London Season. No gowns concern womankind so closely as those for the great annual dress-show. Many a fashion has been born at Ascot, but more have been murdered there! It is where exaggeration makes for the grotesque. Last year the tight Directoire dresses were at their most attenuated, and were the cause of several scenes amusing in the extreme to onlookers, and humiliating to the ladies concerned. What will be the sartorial sensation or the millineric marvel of the week after next is as yet on the knees of the gods. There is no prospect of frillies just now, though hundreds, nay thousands, of women are ready to welcome their *reentrée* with open arms.

Conundrums in Colour.

Subtle shades are all the fashion. Never have there been so many as this year. To describe them intelligently enough to convey anything to a reader necessitates a considerable amount of ingenuity and a command of the English language. Mere man's attempts are often more successful than those of more appreciative women. A new red he calls "pickled cabbage"; it is commonplace and culinary, but quite correct. A curious yellow he tells one without hesitation, is French mustard; a brown deeper than amber, not so decided as amber, is to him like cider. About blues and greens he may be a little more at sea, and the Jockey Club description of colours is most confusing to the feminine mind. The only satisfactory way of conveying any idea of what an unusual tint is like is to think of something ordinary which it really resembles—not always an easy task. This is a season of subtleties, in which colours are compound! There are a score of shades of every recognised hue, and many novelties are produced by judicious blending of already blended tones, so that we have a chromatic colour-scale from which to choose our materials.

The Dust-Devourer.

A high value has been proverbially placed on spring dust. One finds, however, that the principal use for this commodity is to get rid of it; therefore a domestic dust-devourer is a treasure that cannot be too highly esteemed. The British Vacuum Cleaner we all know. The dust-absorbing qualities of the big machines that clean our houses from without, throbbing into their internals smuts and germs and dust out of everything, and leaving the home clean and beautiful, are things we are grateful for. Now the Company have perfected a portable, motor-driven Vacuum Cleaner, which is the most efficient mechanical housemaid one can imagine. It does all the cleaning, and costs nothing to keep. It is easily worked by one person, and will reduce the domestic staff by one, while it absorbs the dust, and doesn't only raise a lot to get a little away, as sweeping does. It is most sanitary and satisfactory, a distinct advance in the science of domestic economy.

The Gem in the Ear.

It is not as sensible to wear a ring through the nose as a gem in the ear. The latter is most becoming, and the former isn't. It is a woman's reason, and no woman will deny the reason in it. Earrings are now universally worn, and become longer and longer as the months go past. It is not necessary to have holes through the lobe of the ear to wear them. I have seen at the Parisian Diamond Company's the most beautiful ornaments for ears, which fasten quite securely with studs. This Company, however, is always in the forefront when the enhancement of feminine beauty by jewelled ornament is concerned.

A Little Goes a Long Way.

In these days no verb is conjugated with more success than "to concentrate." In everything concentration is valued. The well-known firm of Courvoisier, celebrated for their "Viotto," otto of violets, and "Havaneta" perfume and soaps, have now produced a "C.C." brand of perfumery—"Concentrated Courvoisier," without spirit, exempted by the Government from duty because of this—which is put up in little vials with perfuming-rods attached to the stoppers, part of a globule off the end of which is sufficient to perfume one's person delightfully and lastingly. It is a highly concentrated form of the real flower-essence, and is a novelty that has come to stay, for it will be highly prized for its convenience and for its delicious, pervading, and lasting scent, in most convenient and dainty form. It can be bought from most chemists, and always from H. Bronnley and Co., Ltd., Warple Way, Acton, W.



THE CUP THAT CHEERS—ITS WINNER: THE TROPHY FOR THE OFFICERS' JUMPING COMPETITION AT THE ROYAL NAVAL AND MILITARY TOURNAMENT.

There is nothing quite so cheering as to win a race, especially when to the glory thereof is added such a handsome prize as this cup, made by the well-known silversmiths, Messrs. Mappin and Webb, of 158-162, Oxford Street, W.; 220, Regent Street, W.; and 2, Queen Victoria Street, E.C. The design consists of richly chased acanthus leaf and a frieze of heraldic roses.

them were Mesdames Florence Monteith, Osca Marah, and Elise Joran, and Messrs. Malcolm Scott, Courtice Pounds, Roy Sidney, and Farren Soutar.



A SURGEON WHO DOES NOT USE THE KNIFE: MR. H. A. BARKER AND MRS. BARKER AT HOME IN THE COUNTRY.

Mr. H. A. Barker, the "bloodless surgeon" of Park Lane, is never so happy as when he is in the country. He is shown above with his wife and two of his many pets. [Photograph by Elliott & Fry.]

Paquin's, 39, Dover Street, W., the new toilettes specially created for Ascot by Madame Paquin. There are also to be seen distinctive gowns, millinery, sunshades, etc., for the Horse Show, Ranelagh, and Hurlingham, as well as robes and presentation dresses suitable for Court functions.

For Sunny Days. On "Woman's Ways" page will be found drawings of a muslin gown in a lovely saffron shade trimmed with embroidery done in floss silk the same colour, with a tucked chemisette and sleeves of creamy-hued tulle or net; and of a white silk blouse with tucked sleeves and embroidered revers of glacier-blue silk.

Mr. Richard Green, the popular baritone, gave a recital at the Æolian Hall last week, and provided an excellent programme for his patrons. He was a little unfortunate in choosing an afternoon when Kreisler was playing at Queen's Hall and Mme. Gerhardt was singing at the Bechstein's, with Nikisch at the piano; and he laboured under the additional disadvantage of a cold. But even a cold was powerless to rob Mr. Green of his fine method, though it slightly impaired the quality of his voice. His capacity for getting the very best out of a song never fails him, and his work created its customary pleasant impression. A large number of artists lent their assistance; among

On Friday the worlds of fashion, politics, and high finance are all represented on the historic playing-fields of Eton, and the famous old school dispenses a splendid hospitality. Eton's principal hostess is, of course, the wife of the Headmaster, Mrs. Edward Lyttelton, and no Englishwoman has a more beautiful home than this fortunate lady. Mrs. Lyttelton, who was born in the ecclesiastical purple, for she was the daughter of a Dean of St. Patrick's, has had a long knowledge of "Eton's Holy Shade," for she came there as the bride of a young assistant-master. The Headmaster's house is some five hundred years old, full of ordered beauty, and on the Fourth of June the meeting-place of the more noted old Etonians, their wives and children.

Diners and theatre-goers on the look-out for a new restaurant should try "The Coventry," in Rupert Street, Leicester Square. Its situation in the heart of theatre-land makes it especially convenient, and its excellent cuisine and luxurious appointments should satisfy all the cravings both of the inner and the outer man. Light orchestral music is provided, and the sliding roof makes the restaurant deliciously cool in summer.

Now that the Derby is over, having ended in a royal victory, the thoughts of race-goers are beginning to turn towards royal Ascot. The fashionable fair who intend to grace the occasion with their presence will be glad to know that there are now on view at

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on June 9.

CONSOLS AND THEIR PROSPECTS.

CONSOLS being quoted ex-dividend to day (Wednesday), it might be supposed that the ordinary buyer of stock would feel tempted to add to his holding by a further purchase. Such buyers, however, are in these days a very diminishing quantity. Consols have to look for their support almost entirely to the Government, because so few private people invest their money in the Funds that their buying hardly counts against the steady bear selling which goes on for account of professional operators. Occasionally the latter receive a check—prayer notice the spelling of that word—such as the cheapness of money, administered to them during April and the early part of May; but, taking it all round, money is more often made out of a bear operation in Consols than out of a bull transaction. The competition of other securities paying a higher rate of interest will become fiercer with every year, and to our mind the price of Consols must steadily decline. What its ultimate destination may be, it is beyond us to guess, but that Consols will be 80 before they are 90 we have very little hesitation in prophesying, whatever Government may be in power.

FOREIGN GOVERNMENT BONDS.

The steady demand for all foreign Government bonds is one of the outstanding features amongst investment markets, and anything which has a Russian or Japanese flavour is assured of popularity. It may occur to some people that Russian bonds, in particular, stand quite as high as prudent considerations warrant, and it must be admitted that there is plenty of room for a material set-back if anything untoward should happen that might drag Russia into possible conflict with any of the great European Powers. France, however, appears to have an unlimited amount of capital and faith for employment in Russians; and for a steady five per cent. investment the 5 per cent. Bonds of 1906 appeal to a gradually widening circle of people in this country. It is, of course, easy to pick holes in the credit of Japan both as regards Japanese Government issues and those of the municipalities, yet, taking them all round, the bonds certainly offer a useful rate of interest with good security. The Chinese Railway Loans mentioned here on various occasions keep on advancing in popularity and price; there is no necessity for an investor in these bonds to take his profit at present. It is a little surprising that Uruguay 3½ per cents. do not stand higher, but that is a matter which is likely to be rectified by time; while, as an out-and-out gamble, Costa Rica Bonds of both classes have undeniable attractions.

BREWERY DEBENTURE STOCKS.

Fortified by the knowledge that the Brewing industry stands fully confirmed in the possession of the finest monopoly in the country, investors are diligently seeking for bargains amongst the best-class Brewery stocks. The difficulty is to find sellers at anything like the prices quoted in the Stock Exchange Official List. Even where there is stock on offer, it is generally at the top price or very little under it. The best securities have returned to a level at which they yield about 4½ per cent. on the money. In this class we would put the First Debenture stocks of Whitbread, Charrington, Courage, and the Cannon Breweries. Watney First Debenture should be fairly well covered, but it is, perhaps, not quite so good a stock as those issues already mentioned. So far as the junior stocks and shares are concerned, a speculator might buy any of the Preference descriptions of the best breweries with a fairly confident expectation of seeing his purchase gain steadily in value.

THE BOOM IN WEST AFRICANS.

One thing about the boom in West Africans is the fact that the people behind the scenes want a good deal more money than they have yet got from the public, and therefore, for their own sakes they will be compelled to keep the ball rolling upwards. Of course, there will be reactions, possibly some of them of appreciable extent. Each relapse, however, will be followed by a fresh rally for some time to come. This is regarding the jungle altogether without reference to merits, the latter being a somewhat elastic property. A man in the market was telling another man that certain shares would have a sharp rise in the event of good news arriving. "But what if the news is bad?" asked the other. His friend looked at him with a quizzical air: "When the market is good, my boy," he replied, "we do not get bad news." Some of the knowing people are interesting themselves in the lower-priced shares, such as Wassau, Fanti Mines, Prestea Mines, West African Gold Trust, and the like, of which a good many shares can be bought for comparatively little money, and which are sure to reflect any strong rise which the heavier shares may enjoy.

THE KAFFIR BOOM.

The experiences of anyone who went through the Kaffir boom of 1895, as an interested participant, must be of interest to the majority of present-day speculators and speculative investors, whose memory in many cases can hardly extend so far back. We feel sure, therefore,

that our correspondent "Q's" note upon the present position comes at a seasonable time.

There have been many false starts in the Kaffir boom, which has been so long looked for, but it would seem that the genuine movement has now commenced, and it may not be out of place to give some of your readers, who may not have been so conversant with the great "boom" of 1895 as the writer was, a few hints which they may find of value. The present advance of prices is quite legitimately based on the great reduction of working costs on the Rand, which has made a large part of the Main Reef a paying proposition, thus practically creating a new goldfield of almost incalculable extent. The result has been to give a new lease of life to many mines which were supposed to be approaching exhaustion, and to increase enormously the lives of the great deep-level Companies. It follows that even at to-day's prices many of these concerns are perfectly sound investments, although their possible appreciation is limited. But advantage will no doubt be taken of this to push up many shares of little or no value, and the public, remembering the prices such shares may have touched in 1895, are only too prone to rush in and buy a share for no other reason than that it appears to be "cheap."

The most important rule, therefore, to remember in such times as these is only to buy a share of proved merit, which can be reckoned on as a sound dividend-paying investment when the "boom" has become a matter of past history, and the inevitable reaction follows. If before buying shares the public would only consider whether they are really prepared to put them away and hold them as satisfactory investments, little or no harm would be done, but it is the fatal attraction which the bad stuff has over the good owing to its apparent cheapness (and real nastiness), which is responsible for the great losses that follow every period of inflation.

It would be cruel to give instances of the kind of shares to which I refer as cheap (and nasty), but I will give one instance of a sound purchase which may be bought even at to-day's price and held in the certainty that it must increase in value as the years go on, and become a large and steady dividend-payer. I refer to the *City Deep* Company's shares. Here we have a mine with nearly a million tons of ore developed, which will give a profit of 20s. a ton, and developing some 150,000 tons a month. By the time crushing begins—say, in eighteen months' time—development will be some years ahead of the mill.

The plant being erected is calculated to treat 750,000 tons a year, which should enable distributions of 60 per cent. to be made, and on this basis the life of the mine is estimated at forty years. It is probable, however, that the mill will be further increased, and it is generally expected that the dividends in time will average 80 per cent. per annum, with a life of twenty-five or thirty years. It is likely, therefore, that within four or five years these shares will be standing in the neighbourhood of £10 a share, and giving a return of 8 per cent. at that price. I give this as an instance only of a sound purchase, and if your readers will confine their attention to such shares, they will find it more profitable in the long run than attempting to pick up so-called bargains.

Friday, May 28 1909.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

- (1) All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C., and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.
- (2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.
- (3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.
- (4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.
- (5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.
- (6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.
- (7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.
- (8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters cannot receive attention.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

AJAX.—We would have nothing to do with No. 1. As to the Oil Company, unless all our information is wrong, the Pref. shares should be worth buying. We know little of the tramway, but at present price the Ordinary may be all right as a speculation. For our own money we should prefer good Kaffirs at present.

EPSOM. The following Industrials should suit you: (1) Metropolitan Amalgamated Railway Carriage and Wagon Company Ordinary, (2) John Wright and Eagle Range Ordinary, (3) Delta Metal Ordinary. If you put a couple of hundred in each, you will get 6½ per cent. for your money.

KINGFISHER.—The circular you send is so absurd that we are surprised you even consider such touting rubbish. The concern, we are told, is run by an ex-convict.

E. D.—Santa Fé Land shares are worth buying, but we do not vouch for all the statements your friend has made.

ON NE SAIT JAMAIS.—We have no faith in Chartered, but the market is such that they may easily be pushed even higher. See "Q's" note as to Kaffirs.

RAGAS.—Yes, the Preference shares are not bad for your purpose, especially with things in South Africa improving. The Preference dividend has been paid throughout the bad times.

P. I. I.—(1) We will inquire of "Q" and reply next week, but it is pretty certain he will say "Join the reconstruction." (2) Certainly keep Lomagundas; the Rhodesian Market will probably go better again.

S. W.—We have written to you, as requested.

NOTE.—In consequence of the holidays we are obliged to go to press early with this issue, and correspondents will therefore please extend to us their kind consideration in case they are not answered this week.

RACING TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

I think Lagos will win the Manchester Cup. Other selections for the meeting are: Trial Handicap, Carntoi; Castle Irwell Handicap, Adversary; Stamford Handicap, Sunrise; Whitsuntide Plate, The Jade; Beaufort Handicap, Crow Cup; Bridgwater Handicap, Oyster Shell; Salford Borough Handicap, Jack Snipe; Devonshire Plate, Varco. At Brighton, I think Flying Ilma will win the Brighton Handicap, and Mocassin the Sussex Plate. The Southern Plate may go to Brioleet, and the Portslade Handicap to American Lad. I like Summer for the High Weight Handicap.

THE MAN ON THE CAR.

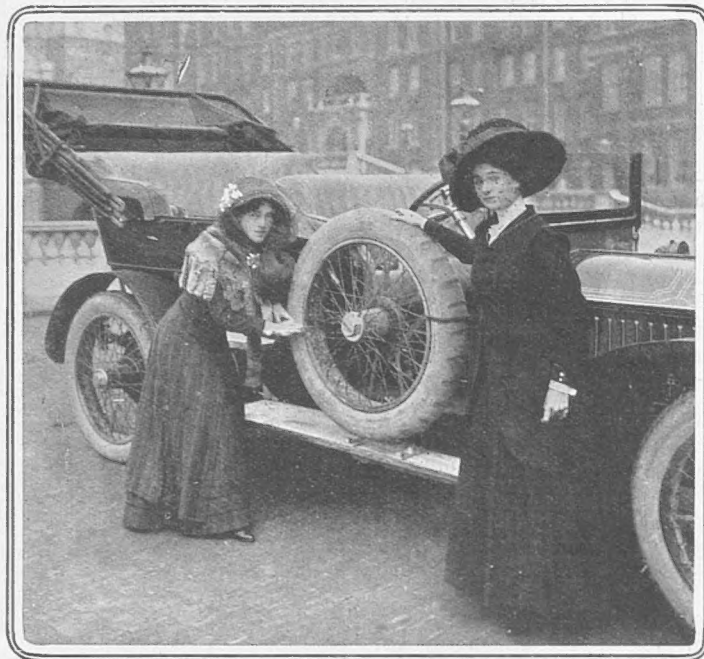
(Continued.)

"Beware Handcross,"
the Chauffeur said!

Surely there should be a combination amongst the automobile associations, something after the manner of a trades union, in order that certain police-infected districts might be put under a strict boycott. For instance, pressure should be brought in this way upon visitor-dependent localities—I name no names—that are approached from the north via Handcross. On Monday, 24th ult., twenty-two cases were preferred against motorists at the famous Hayward's Heath Court, and a total of £176 extorted in fines. With but two exceptions, which were for exceeding the legal limit, the prosecutions were for travelling faster than ten miles per hour over the ten-miles speed-limit at Handcross. The fines ranged from one of £20, and one of £15, to six of £10, six of £7 10s., and the remainder £5; exceedingly heavy fines, and inflicted, apparently, with the intention of driving motorists off the roads for which they are to be in the future more heavily taxed than any other road-users. How long is the persecution to continue?

Picnicking v.
Police-Traps.

If the deadly incubus of vindictive fines is to be saved, the motorist who motors for pleasure will have to avoid main roads which lead him to hotels, and holding to bye-roads entirely, become his own commissariat-general. As a matter of fact, picnicking is becoming more and more an adjunct of week-end motoring, and it only needs a



Miss Ada Reeve.

A STAR THAT TELLS VILLAGERS THE TIME: MISS ADA REEVE ON HER 40-H.P. 6-CYLINDER NAPIER, WITH RUDGE-WHITWORTH DETACHABLE WHEELS.

Miss Ada Reeve is an enthusiastic motorist, and is constantly to be seen on her 40-h.p. 6-cylinder Napier. Every Sunday, when appearing in London, she motors down to Chideock, in Dorset, and so punctual and regular is she that cottagers in remote places are said to correct their clocks by her time of passing. Messrs. Rudge-Whitworth claim that, as it takes only nine seconds to change one of their detachable wheels, the villagers would never be far out, even in the event of tyre-trouble befalling their "bright particular star."

little thought as to the picnic outfit to make an al-fresco meal ten times more enjoyable than one consumed in a stuffy coffee-room attended by inattentive and churlish German waiters. If a well-fitted motor picnic-outfit for four is obtained at Messrs. John Barker and Co.'s establishment in High Street, Kensington—and I have seen some very fully equipped and inexpensive picnic-kits there from time to time—there is nothing save a table lacking to such comfort as a hotel can afford. But epicurean as we are in

these days, the carriage of three or four Thermos flasks on a car is a necessity. With these gifts of the gods, iced drinks can be taken for refreshment by the way, and hot black coffee, for the rich infusion which goes so well with the post-prandial cigar. Then the remaining flask or flasks keep the later refreshing tea at a real good drinkable temperature.

A False Alarm. For this relief much thanks!

In *The Sketch* of May 19, I fear me, I struck dismay into the hearts of my readers by suggesting that the authorities were about to pile Pelion upon Ossa, by the addition of the proposed Budget taxes to the present license-fees payable to the Inland Revenue Department. That having been chastised with the whips of a carriage-tax, we were to be scourged with the scorpions of an industry-harassing Government, is, I am relieved to be able to assure my readers, not exactly the case. Let us thank what particular gods are presumed to look after the motorist's interests—and, by the way, they are neglecting their duties most shamefully these days—that the carriage-tax is merged in the heavier horse-power impost. We breathe again.

Wolseley-Siddeley

By Appointment



to H.M. the Queen.

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